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First in a New Series of True Stories: "Tales of the D. C. I."

The Viaduct Gang

By Karl W. Detzer



THE Division of Criminal Investigation, A.E.F., was organized after the Armistice, with headquarters at Chaumont. It was in no way connected with the Intelligence Department, and with the military police only through the office of the Provost Marshal General. It comprised eight companies of from forty to one hundred and fifty men each, and each company was responsible for its own sector. One of these was in Paris, its duties extending only to the city limits. Bordeaux, St. Nazaire and Brest each had one company operating through the port base zones. One group covered the British Isles, another the Advance Zone and occupied territory; another worked between Lyons and Marseille, and the eighth, my own, had headquarters in Le Mans and responsibility from Paris to the edge of the base zone of Brest and from Tours to the north

His .45 automatic was out of its holster and pointed in my direction. "Let go of him," he ordered quietly

coast. Instead of wearing brassards like the M.P.'s, we had the privilege of civilian clothes.

Remember, it was after the Armistice. The troops were on their way home. One hundred thousand restless Americans lay billeted, for the most part uncomfortably, in the Le Mans area. Their discipline was not as exact as it had been, and their eyes were on the ports of embarkation.

At that time, official accounts show, there were approximately ten thousand

deserters and men absent without leave from the American forces in France.

They were existing by their wits. For most of them, who did not understand French, it was a hard living.

As might be expected, they delayed as long as possible their return to face punishment. They found the Le Mans area, with its hundred thousand men, perhaps forty thousand of them casuals, an ideal place to escape detection. Crimes by Americans, real or imaginary, were reported by the hundreds from the villages and cities in the region. The French police wrung their hands, drew their swords, and wondered what to do next.

My office in Le Mans had just been established. It was located in a quiet street off Avenue Leon Bollée, a central situation, but far enough from the main traffic arteries to attract little attention. It was in an old house set back in a garden

OF the two million Americans who made up the A. E. F., a few—nowhere near so many as in a city of same population—went wrong. "The Viaduct Gang" is the first of a series of true "Tales of the D. C. I." in which Mr. Detzer tells of his post-Armistice experiences in rounding up the trouble-makers, some of whom were skilled criminals with long police records in civil life whose cleverness made their capture unusually difficult. Mr. Detzer adheres strictly to fact, except that in most instances real names are not used.

surrounded by a high stone wall. In conveniences and equipment it was far from a modern detective bureau—without electric lights and with only makeshift cell accommodations. It was damp, old, crumbling. Its chief virtue was privacy.

One night early in February, 1919, I had completed about ten o'clock my work on a difficult case that had kept my men and myself on the job for thirty-six hours. First Sergeant Ulysses S. Madden, one of the best operatives who ever worked in Europe—so the French police told me many times—had come in from a tour of inspection. For five months, nightly, some one gang, or many gangs, had been robbing cars in all the railroad yards. Merchandise worth a hundred thousand dollars had disappeared from freight trains. The French had arrested a few sneak thieves; we had made several unimportant arrests. Madden had been slaving on the case determinedly.

"Captain," he said abruptly that night as I met him in the door, "I believe I have a line-up on those car robbers. Down by the railroad there's a little hotel and café called the Restaurant du Viaduct. A lot of pretty bum-looking Americans and French are hanging around the place. There's too much money being spent for such a mean little café."

"Where is it?" I asked.

"That's it," Madden explained. "It's on the Rue de la Gare, right across the street from the freight yards. It's mighty dark there. A high board fence runs around the railroad yards. Any number of men could jump through the holes in that fence, cross the street with their stolen stuff, and get into that café. Out behind it is a stable, always kept double-padlocked."

"That might be a tip," I replied. "Suppose you put a couple of men on it. Have them watch the place, and tomorrow we'll get the French police to help us. Meantime, I'm going after some sleep."

Madden walked to the gate with me. "I'll take you home in a sidecar," he suggested. "It's only a block or two out of your way and we'll ride past this Restaurant du Viaduct."

I agreed. Madden cranked the motorcycle on which he covered most of his cases. In a moment we were chugging

through the dark streets of the quiet old town. Several corners to the left of the Café du Viaduct we turned into the Rue de la Gare, and moved along the muddy thoroughfare rather slowly.

Madden swung his motorcycle left and right, so that the beam of its headlight zigzagged across the street and against blank house-fronts. As we approached the café which my first sergeant had been watching, a dark spot against the wall near the door at-

We looked at his prisoners. They were surly fellows, both apparently drunk. Their clothing and their faces were dirty, with all the marks of men long absent without leave. We had learned to spot those marks.

"Madden," I directed, "take this fellow"—I pointed to the shorter of the two—"put him in the sidecar and ride him around to the assistant provost marshal's office. The M.P. here and I will bring the other one."

I was unarmed except for my riding crop. Until that night I had considered it unnecessary to carry a revolver. Madden, who like myself was in uniform, wore a pistol in his belt. The two weapons which we found on the prisoners Madden tossed into the pocket of his motorcycle. Then he bundled the prisoner I had indicated into my seat.

I gripped the big fellow by his arm (he was taller than I, and I am six feet). With the M.P. walking on the outside we started to the office of the A.P.M., which was nearer by half a mile than my own.

The prisoner said nothing after a few unintelligible grunts. We had turned into one of those dark, narrow cross streets which run up from the lower town to the hill. My man was stalking along obediently when suddenly he jerked his arm away from my hand. I lunged for him, caught him and pulled him back.

As I did so, I turned my face toward the military policeman. His .45 automatic was out of its holster and pointed in my direction.

"Let go of him," he ordered quietly.

"What's this?" I

demanded in amazement.

"You're in the wrong gang, captain," he answered, laughing. "Now you beat it—see?"

He jabbed the pistol at me. I hesitated, then started to speak.

"Beat it!" he interrupted. "Run! Run like hell!"

"What will you do?" I asked him.

"I'll put holes in you." I remember how calmly he replied.

I walked out hurriedly into the roadway. The man in the M.P. uniform stood on the curb, still pointing his gun. The man who he had said was his prisoner stood with him.

I crossed over to the other side at a dog trot. In the same instant I tugged

(Continued on page 20)



The old man and woman who were the proprietors shrugged their shoulders and denied that they had ever seen an American in their place

tracted our attention. The spot moved and separated into figures. Several men stood half hidden in a shadow cast by a jutting wall.

We stopped our machine and climbed out. As we approached the group we flashed our pocket lights. They disclosed one American military policeman tugging at the sleeves of two other American soldiers.

"What's up, M.P.?" I asked.

"I just picked up these fellows in the freight yard over there," he replied, "and I can't get them to go to the station with me."

"How long have you been on M.P. duty?" I demanded.

"This is my third night," he explained.

A Sequel to "Who Got the Money?"

The Profiteer Hunt

VI. The Case of the Packard Motor Car Company

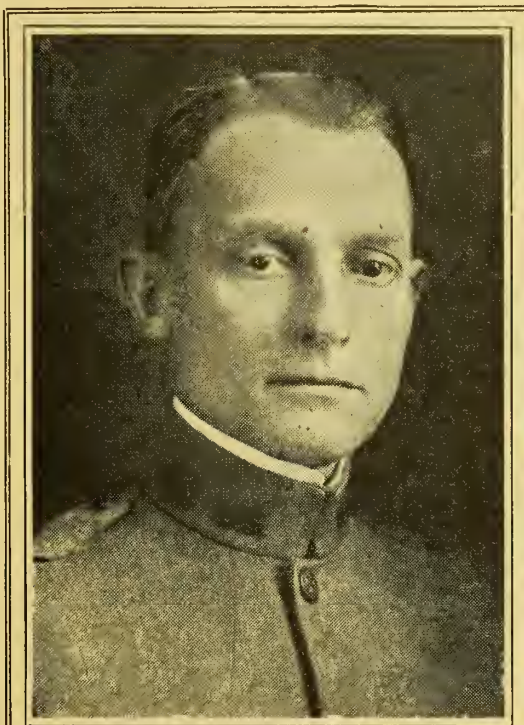
By Marquis James

THE Packard Motor Car Company made Liberty motors for the Government during the war and from an engineering point of view did an excellent job. Very few contractors performed their work as well. Jesse G. Vincent, a vice-president of the Packard company, was one of the designers of the Liberty engine, and for some time prior to the war he had been in charge of the Packard's experimental forces then at work on an airplane engine in the manufacture of which that company had intended to engage on a commercial basis. When we entered the war Mr. Vincent was commissioned a major—later he became a lieutenant-colonel—and was directed to proceed with his studies looking toward the design of a new engine for the Army's fighting planes.

The Packard experiments along this line had reached an advanced stage, and the company immediately turned over to the Government the results of its labors. With this flying start the Air Service technicians, under the direction of Colonel Vincent, went ahead and produced the twelve-cylinder engine called the Liberty. Throughout the war Colonel Vincent continued in the service of the Government as an officer and also retained, as a stockholder, a pecuniary interest in the Packard Motor Car Company. As an officer of the Army he acted in behalf of the Government in connection with its transactions with the Packard company, which, under war contracts, became the chief manufacturer of Liberty motors.

Charles E. Hughes, now Secretary of State, in his investigation of war contracts, pointed out that this was in violation of the criminal statutes. The War Department declared it to have been merely a technical violation, however, and declined to act against Colonel Vincent, who presently was personally "pardoned" by President Wilson.

In an earlier article we spoke of war contracts in the abstract and told how haste and unpreparedness let the Government in for the cost-plus form of contract, which former Assistant Secretary of War Benedict Crowell called "vicious" and strove to modify, throwing the entire machinery of the War Department into the effort. We spoke of the indifferent success that attended these efforts and said that for some reason changes in the form of contract, instead of diminishing the profits of contractors frequently had the effect of increasing those profits.



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Colonel Jesse G. Vincent, who served through the war as an army officer, at the same time retaining, as a stockholder, a pecuniary interest in the Packard company. Colonel Vincent headed the group of technicians who produced the Liberty motor

This surprising contention did not come casually to light. It was ferreted out by the present War Department, which after much delay and opposition is systematically prying into the secrets and half-told tales of who got the money Uncle Sam spent to win the war. The discovery of the device of altering contracts ostensibly for the protection of the public's interest, but with the actual result that the contractor gained more millions at the public's expense, is only an incident in the present program of the profiteer hunt, but it is an important incident, and one worthy of further examination before we pass on.

Despite efforts to fetter its activities and discredit and belittle the results of those activities, the reaudit of war contracts continues, and in the first and so far only case to reach the courts based on these efforts the Government was awarded \$1,550,000. This was the case of the Lincoln Motors Corporation, also a manufacturer of Liberty motors. A good many more audits are about ready for submission to the De-

partment of Justice in case the contractor declines to make a settlement out of court. One of these audits concerns the transactions of the Packard Motor Car Company, which, judging by the contractor's reception of the Government's figures, will go to the courts for settlement.

The Packard contract was changed three times. The original cost-plus and bonus provisions were eliminated in favor of fixed-price stipulations. This sounded pretty good at the time. "Cost-plus" and "bonus" were words that earned bad reputations early in the war, and, by popular reasoning, to dispense with them was to dispense with an expensive evil.

Now, then, let us see how the government auditors say it worked out in the case of the Packard Motor Car Company, which made Liberty motors.

The Packard company's war enterprises were extensive, and a force of government auditors, accountants and contract lawyers spent several months in investigations before rendering a report. The company's books and all government records and memoranda bearing on the dealings under scrutiny were examined. These findings were considered and revised, item by item, by a special board of the Air Service consisting of one officer and four civilian experts. Then they were submitted, last December, to the Secretary of War. They set up that the Packard company under the cost-plus arrangement with the

Government would have realized these net profits:

Profits on motors	\$4,062,500
Bonus on motors	4,012,450
Profits on spare parts..	359,564
Inventory allowance ..	353,504
Total	\$8,788,018

The cost-plus contracts under which the War Department asserts the Packard company would have collected the foregoing were not allowed to stand, however. In September of 1918 the contracts were changed to a fixed-price basis and bonuses were discontinued. This took place just as Mr. Hughes was concluding his investigations of the aircraft production failure. Washington was agog with leaks and rumors concerning what Mr. Hughes would have to say in his report. Speculation had it that he intended to dwell on the generous nature of contracts and the huge profits of contractors, and that the Packard company would be cited as a case in point. As a matter of fact,

this is precisely what Mr. Hughes did. He went into the Packard dealings in detail and estimated the ultimate profits on the basis of the old contracts to be \$8,000,000.

The attempts made in official quarters to suppress publicity of the Hughes report are well known. It is also well known that many efforts were made to minimize the importance of that report.

The circumstances are such as to lend color to the assumption that the hasty alteration of the Packard and other contracts may have been inspired, in part, by an effort to beat Mr. Hughes to it and parry the criticism anticipated from him.

After a lengthy discussion of the Packard's cost-plus contracts the Hughes report records in a few lines the change to fixed-price, concluding with the following interesting observation:

"Upon the new fixed-price contracts, the contractor's profits, though reduced, still remain very liberal."

The interesting thing about this observation from the Hughes report is that it was not borne out by subsequent developments.

The War Department's efforts and Mr. Hughes' prediction alike went amiss, it appears. The Air Service now submits that under the new contracts the following profits actually were paid the Packard Motor Car Company:

Profits on motors	\$9,549,865
Profits on spare parts..	1,329,905
Inventory allowance....	353,504
Final settlement allowance	122,815
	<hr/> \$11,356,089

When these figures were placed before him Mr. Weeks formally approved the Air Service recommendation that claim be made against the Packard company for \$6,580,521. The War Department contends that the contract of September, 1918, is wholly illegal and not binding on the Government and that certain features of the original contracts also are without standing in law. The Packard company has been formally served with notice of the Government's claim, and as this is written informal negotiations are in progress. A compromise may be made whereby the expense and delay incident to legal proceedings will be avoided, but unless the company shows disposition to make what the War Department deems an equitable settlement the case will be referred to the Department of Justice with recommendation that suit be instituted.

An outline of the Government's busi-

ness relations with the Packard company will show the manipulation by which the War Department, having executed what the Air Service calls an "unconscionable" contract in the first place, futilely strove to extricate itself, but succeeded merely in adding profit to profit for the contractor's benefit. The case is typical of many others.

On September 4, 1917, the War Department contracted with the Packard company for the construction of 6,000 Liberty engines at cost plus fifteen per-

cent, which was figured to produce a profit of \$913.05 per engine, the assumption being that the manufacturing cost of an engine would be in the neighborhood of \$6,087, notwithstanding the fact that the Air Service at the time had expert opinion to the effect that the cost would not be in excess of \$2,400, excluding overhead. Furthermore, the Packard company was to be paid a bonus of twenty-five percent on manufacturing cost savings under \$6,087. The contract also included spare parts on a cost plus fifteen percent basis.

It soon became apparent that a bad bargain had been made by the Government; that a bogey or estimated cost of \$6,087 per engine was absurdly high. Consequently on December 12, 1917, the Government amended the agreement. Bogey was reduced to \$5,000 and profits to 12½ percent or

\$625 per engine. The bonus clause was retained. Accountants figure that if the contract had ended there the Government would have saved \$3,640,325. But the contract did not end there. It continued, and a few paragraphs later on it grew spontaneously generous, and handed the \$3,640,325 all back, plus \$488.36. Of course this \$488.36 did not mean much to the Packard Motor Car Company, but it is the pay of a private soldier for a year and a quarter. This loss was incurred by the introduction of a clause whereby the Government engaged to furnish the contractor with certain inspection and heat-treating facilities. As it worked out these facilities cost \$4,470,369.36, and after the Armistice they were purchased, including buildings, by the Packard company for \$849,556. The net loss to the United States was thus \$3,640,813.36, which sum, minus \$3,640,325, leaves \$488.36 as the contractor's gain.

As the manufacture of motors progressed the twenty-five percent bonus clause became a regular gold mine. It was very nearly the most profitable feature of the contract. For the purpose of figuring regular profits on the cost plus 12½ percent basis the the-

oretical cost figure of \$5,000 was retained, and profits were declared to be uniformly \$625 per engine. The striking disparity between theory and fact is well illustrated in this case. The actual manufacturing cost per engine was not \$5,000, but \$2,530.79, say the auditors. This was the *average*, not the highest or lowest cost per motor; as production progressed the unit cost went lower and lower. While "profits" were figured on the fictitious basis of \$5,000 a motor, bonuses were calculated on actual cost figure, in this fashion; \$5,000 minus \$2,530.79 equals \$2,469.21, twenty-five percent of which is \$617.30, or the bonus allowed on each engine. This brought the total profits per engine up to \$1,242.30. By this simple process a cost-plus 12½ percent contract was made to yield the contractor cost-plus fifty percent.

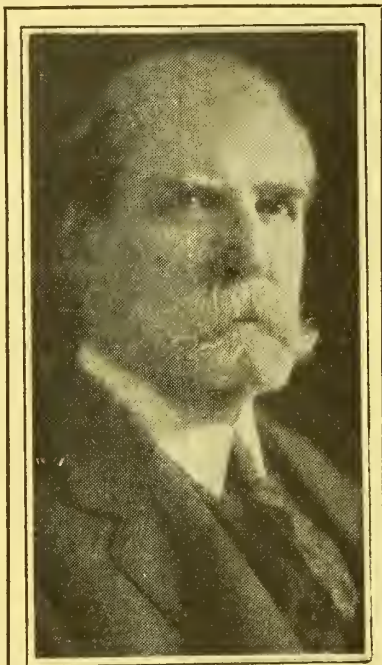
The United States and the Packard company transacted business on these terms for a year, and then, on September 2, 1918, the Government made a second attempt to retrench. On the first trial it had gained nothing, it is true, but still it had not lost much. This time it was not so fortunate. It lost \$2,569,071—this figure, say the auditors, being the increased profits to the contractor under the provisions of the new contract made in September, 1918. The new agreement annulled all previous contracts and pledged the Government to pay a flat rate of \$4,000 for each motor delivered. This contract was made retroactive to the beginning of the Packard company's war activities.

Where both the War Department and Mr. Hughes seem to have erred in calculating this contract to be beneficial to the United States is in their computation of manufacturing costs. The Government's figures for that date are not available, but Mr. Hughes calculated from such data as he could gather that the cost would be about \$3,000 a motor, thus leaving the contractor \$1,000, or a 33-1-3 percent profit. Government cost accountants after their recent exhaustive search in which they say every item of direct and indirect expense was figured in report the average cost per motor to have been \$2,530.79, which would have yielded a profit of \$1,469.21, or 58 percent, as compared with \$1,242.30, or fifty percent, under the old contract. To these dimensions, the Government contends, did one cost-plus 12½ percent contract grow.

The Air Service has presented the Packard Motor Car Company with an itemized bill for \$6,580,521 and is prepared to go to court to obtain a settlement. The bill is too long to reproduce here in detail, but the principal items follow:

(a) Bonus	\$4,012,450
(b) Additional profits not provided for under cost-plus contracts.....	926,280
(c) Loss to Government on freight and machinery installations	725,039
(d) Overpayment, special tools allowance	539,689
(e) Bookkeeping errors ...	125,000
(f) Duplicate payments, tools	14,319

The Government demands reimbursement for item (b) because the Secretary of War declines to recognize the
(Continued on page 27)



© Harris and Ewing

Charles E. Hughes declared Colonel Vincent's simultaneous connection with the Army and the Packard company a violation of the criminal statutes. The War Department, however, called the violation merely technical



Where a monument is to be placed is as important a consideration as what the monument shall be. One great American work of art—the Adams Memorial, by Augustus Saint Gaudens, in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C.—is, as Mr. Aitken says, “so situated that one needs a guide to find it,” but, having found it, “one is so impressed by its setting, its great simplicity, its utter lack of ostentation, that the memory is indelibly impressed.” At left, the Adams Memorial; at right, the sheltering circle of evergreens that screens the monument from view even when the searcher can almost touch it

Choosing a War Memorial Site

A Sculptor and Veteran Presents His Views

IS there a war memorial in your town which you pass daily but hardly ever see?

If that is true, perhaps you will explain your apparent blindness by saying that you know the memorial is there, and anyway, you have looked at it once or twice.

But wait—don't blame yourself entirely. It may be the fault of the memorial committee. Some of the finest monuments and memorials in our country have been spoiled for us because they have been erected where we can't appreciate them.

The location of a memorial is first in importance. The type of memorial depends on the nature of the site that has been chosen. A poorly chosen site can ruin the best features of a good monument and, perhaps, make a bad one worse.

Monuments and memorials should not be bought by the yard, pound or cube to be fitted into any available space. They should be designed especially for the site chosen.

The selection of a site is a matter which demands serious consideration beyond the desire to commemorate men, deeds or events. Vision is necessary—the vision of a mind trained to seek and find, or to create, if need be, the setting best suited for the memorial.

The memorial fund necessarily controls, in a way, the vision. Too often a small structure is placed in surroundings to which it is all out of scale. The present, as well as the future, development of the locality must be considered along with a dozen other con-

By Robert Aitken

Member of the National Academy and the Royal Academy. Formerly Captain, Machine Gun Company, 306th Infantry

siderations which affect both site and monument.

Our elders made many errors in their haste or lack of appreciation of beauty. From them we may learn by example that the center of a place, be it park or street or grass plot, is not necessarily the best location for a memorial. We can say the same of the corner or of the crossroads. Again, we can see that by placing our memorial directly in front of a bank or library or city hall we may occasionally achieve a balancing note, but more often we sacrifice the memorial to a general effect that has nothing to do with its purposes.

Any or all of the above sites may or may not be appropriate. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules, except that the study of all available sites by the artist or advisor will bring about a happy solution in every instance.

In order to show by illustration how certain memorials are affected by their sites, I want to make some comments on a few of our best known works—to make clear a few definite errors that, to my thinking, can be avoided in the future. I trust that it will be understood that in so doing I am not actuated by a desire to criticize or condemn.

Before New York City had an art commission, the city received many monumental gifts from its people. As

a rule committees were given sites for the asking; hence one frequently gets an impression that the memorials were dropped from the skies to remain wherever they happened to land.

There is a fine equestrian statue of Washington at the southeast corner of Union Square, placed there years ago because Washington had once stood on the spot. Have you ever seen it and realized what a splendid thing it is? Well, it's practically impossible to do that, anyway. The site is not, and never could have been suitable for a memorial of that character. Now the heart of the city has moved uptown and Washington sits on his horse in the center of a kind of automobile speedway. One does not approach him for fear of losing one's life. One is forced to look at him from distant sidewalks, over the tops of trucks and rattling cars, against a background of huge, unsightly signboards in screaming colors.

Now, if it were necessary to mark the site where Washington is supposed to have stood, a simple tablet would have been sufficient, placed upon an isle of safety. A monument of the scale and design of this noble equestrian should be placed in a quiet, open space that would permit of planting. It should be seen from many angles, for it is, as all good memorials should be, a splendid sight from many sides. Roads or paths should lead up to it, so that people might receive its message on their gradual approach.

In Madison Square stands a beautiful statue of Admiral Farragut, placed

(Continued on page 18)

Every Cent Contributed Brings the Goal that Much Nearer

It's Only a Month to May 30

WHERE THE GRAVES FUND STANDS

MOTHERS and fathers of the men who lie in American cemeteries in Europe were among the first to respond to the call of the Graves Endowment Fund. From all sections of the country they have sent in—are still sending in—their contributions, telling of the graves in Romagne, Fère-en-Tardenois, Surèsnes and the other permanent God's acres overseas, where rest those who will always be dear to them in memory. They think not only of their own sons, but also of the 32,000 other Americans who lie buried in those cemeteries, grateful at the privilege of helping honor on every Memorial Day to come all those who sleep beneath the rows of white crosses.

As Memorial Day approaches the number of contributions received reaches new heights daily. Posts and Auxiliary units everywhere are sending in the contributions of their own members and those whole-heartedly given by the citizens of their towns and cities who wish to have a share in fulfilling a national duty. The fact that the \$100,000 sought for the endowment fund is to remain intact year after year, only the interest being used for the decoration of the graves on each Memorial Day, and the fact that this appeal is the last that will ever be made to Americans for this purpose, have impressed non-Legionnaires greatly.

Carl A. Johnson Post of Grand Rapids, Michigan, still heads the honor roll of contributions. Following its first contribution of \$1,000, subscribed by the people of Grand Rapids, including the Lions Club, the Rotary Club, the Exchange Club and other organizations, the post has sent forward to the National Treasurer \$250 additional. The list of contributors contains more than 600 names of individuals. The Grand Rapids *Herald* enabled Johnson Post to make this conspicuous showing. It published a full page announcement of the Graves Endowment Fund in a Sunday issue and in succeeding issues listed the names of those who contributed.

Other newspapers throughout the country are volunteering their assistance to the Legion posts in their communities. Typical of the spirit of the editors and owners of these newspapers is a letter received from J. I. Finney, editor of the *Daily Herald* of Columbia, Tennessee. Mr. Finney writes:

"Please find enclosed New York exchange for \$52 for the Overseas Graves Endowment Fund. In co-operation with Herbert Griffin Post of The American Legion, the *Herald* raised this sum by opening its columns to its readers. It started the subscription with \$5 and most of the donations came in sums of \$1. About forty contributed to the fund, a large number not ex-service men. It set the goal for the post at \$50 and raised \$52.

"If other newspapers would do the same thing, you would soon have the \$100,000. I never gave to a cause with

To April 7th . \$11,127.96
Week ending
April 14th . . 2,658.69
Total to April
14th . . . \$13,786.65



"It's Not Too Early to Think of These." The opening-gun cartoon of the Indianapolis *News* drive for the graves fund. Drawn by Charles Kuhn, the *News* cartoonist, member of Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Post.

THE American Legion Graves Endowment Fund will be invested in perpetuity and the income used annually to provide decorations for the graves of 32,000 American soldiers and sailors whose bodies will forever lie overseas. At least \$100,000 is needed—\$200,000 can well be used—to increase the principal of this fund the nucleus of which is a million francs now on deposit in France.

The Weekly publishes in every issue a list of contributors who have given one dollar or more to the Graves Endowment Fund. Owing to the necessity for re-checking this list to insure accuracy and prevent omissions, it is a few days behind the total as given in the figures above. Names of contributing Legion posts and Auxiliary units are printed in boldface type.

CONTRIBUTIONS

The following contributions are acknowledged:

ARIZONA. Prescott: J. E. Peak, \$1.
ARKANSAS. Hot Springs: C. B. Caldwell, \$5.
CALIFORNIA. Banning: Banning Post, \$5;
Big Creek: John P. Morton, \$2; Dinuba: Mrs. Lucy B. McCorkle, \$5; Palo Alto: Florence Mills, \$2.50; Mrs. W. G. Soldate, \$2.50.
COLORADO. Colorado Springs: Charles E. Gerlach, \$2; Durango: Henry C. Hamilton, \$1; John R. Nelson, \$1; Eaton: Norman Hutch-
(Continued on page 25)

quite so much pleasure. It is fine to think that I have helped to make certain the annual decoration of the graves of Maury county heroes like Mitchell and Gilbreath and Goodwin who sleep forever on foreign fields where they died for me and mine."

The Indianapolis *News* is one of the many newspapers which at this writing have announced the Graves Endowment Fund to the public. In co-operation with the Legion posts of Indianapolis, the *News* is receiving and acknowledging by publication all contributions received during one week. The publisher of this newspaper is the father of one of the men who did not come back. Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Post of Indianapolis perpetuates the name and memory of his son.

The Chicago Voiture of La Société des Hommes 40 et Chevaux 8 has forwarded an initial contribution of \$105 to the graves fund and announces it will send additional sums later. Henry H. Houston, 2d, Post of Germantown, Pennsylvania, which subscribed \$100 in the first week of the campaign, has sent in an additional contribution of \$200 given by the parents of the man for whom the post is named. Woman's Post of Norfolk, Virginia, has given \$25 to the fund. From North East, Pennsylvania, the Women's Relief Corps, Auxiliary to the G. A. R., sends a contribution of \$5. Units of The American Legion Auxiliary are maintaining the wonderful showing made in the earlier weeks, and when the final totals are figured the Auxiliary may have surpassed the Legion on the basis of contributions in proportion to membership.

Pocatello (Idaho) Post, in sending in initial contributions totalling \$54.50, promised that a great deal more would be forthcoming. E. J. Therkildsen, finance officer, writes: "This amount was raised within five minutes after the fund was mentioned for the first time."

Following are some inspiring examples of letters accompanying contributions to the fund:

I am inclosing my check for ten dollars in memory of my son, Charles A. Moffett, 147th Ambulance Co., 112th Sanitary Train, 37th Division, who is buried in Grave No. 25, American Flanders Field, Waereghem, Belgium. God bless you Legionnaires and your cause in every way.—MRS. JEAN MOFFETT, Alderson, W. Va.

Will you please permit me to add this check to the Graves Endowment Fund? Remembering the inadequate funeral bouquets I made for the dead of Beau Desert [the largest American hospital center in France] it is a comfort to know that in their permanent resting places they will not be forgotten.—HARRIET ROOT, American Red Cross, Elyria, O.

Please accept this contribution from a gold star mother of Ardonio, N. Y. My own son's body is lying in our own cemetery at home.—A MOTHER, Ardonio, N. Y.

J. ED. C. FISHER, department commander of Nebraska, was born on the Isle of Wight, England, in 1873. His first public schooling was at Neuchatel, Switzerland, and he completed his education at Malvern College in England. In 1891 and 1892 he taught English to students at the Military Institute in Wetzlar, Germany, after which he traveled for two years through Spain and France. In 1895 he came to the United States, making his home in Beatrice, Nebraska. Enlisting in the First Machine Gun Company of the Nebraska National Guard in 1909, he served four and one half years. In 1917, being over the age limit for training camp, Mr. Fisher was recommissioned in the Fifth Nebraska Infantry. He completed a course at the War College in Washington in July, 1917, and was in active training with the 134th Infantry at Camp Cody, New Mexico, until ordered to France in December, 1917. Mr. Fisher served as zone major at Tonnerre, Yonne, and as liaison officer in the Troop Movements Section of French Headquarters at Bar-le-Duc. He has a son at West Point.



ALBERT B. TONKIN, department commander of Wyoming, is a physician. He was born in Nevada in 1879, but spent his youth in Butte, Montana. While a senior in Butte High School in 1898 he enlisted in the First Montana Infantry. Later he was transferred to Hospital Troops, U. S. A., and went to the Philippines, where he participated in twenty - ~~the~~ engagements during the insurrection. He was graduated from the University of Colorado medical department in 1904, after making a brilliant athletic record. He practiced medicine at Riverton, Wyoming, until 1917. In this period he was mayor of Riverton one year and held other public offices. Dr. Tonkin became chairman of the medical advisory board when the Selective Service Law was put into effect and later was commissioned lieutenant and promoted to captain in the Medical Corps. He served at Camp Greenleaf until his discharge. Dr. Tonkin was state service officer of the Legion during 1921 and 1922. He has served as state health officer of Wyoming since 1921.

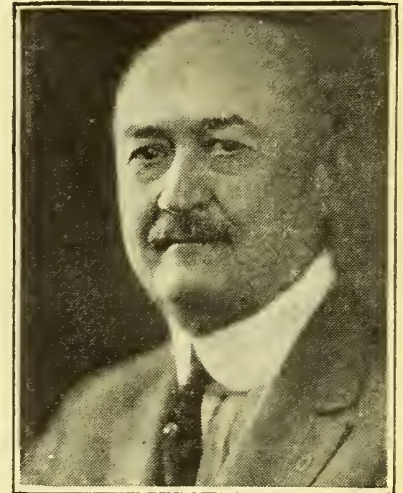
Who's Who *among* Department Commanders



JOHN LEWIS SMITH is living proof of the fact that being born in America's political No Man's Land, where the vote is not a birthright, is no handicap. Mr. Smith entered life and the District of Columbia simultaneously in 1877. Today, as commander of the District of Columbia Department of The American Legion, he may look back upon many years of conspicuous service to his fighting comrades of two wars. He was a buck private in the First District of Columbia Infantry at the siege and surrender of Santiago in 1898, and was Commander-in-Chief of the United Spanish War Veterans in 1913-14. During the World War he was a captain in the Military Intelligence Division. Mr. Smith is Commander of George Washington Post. He is a lawyer.



J. H. WILLIAMS, leatherneck, lawyer and land salesman, is the Legion's skipper in South Dakota and his department's National Executive Committee man. Mr. Williams studied at the University of Wisconsin and was graduated from the law school of the University of South Dakota in 1913, being admitted to the bar in the same year. On New Year's day of 1914 Mr. Williams was married in his native town of Gettysburg, South Dakota. Along came the World War and Mr. Williams obtained a detached-duty status maritally and enlisted in the Marine Corps. He was overseas, starting for the front as a replacement in the Sixth Marines, when the Armistice came. Mr. Williams turned from law to land after his return to South Dakota. Two husky young recruits are now attached to the Williams' family for rations, quarters and training.



ROBERT E. STEINER, commander of the Department of Alabama, was born in a stirring year—1862. Mr. Steiner acquired two degrees from the University of Alabama, was graduated from Harvard Law School with his bachelor's degree in 1884 and began practicing law in his native town of Greenville, Alabama. Since 1892 Mr. Steiner has lived in Montgomery, where his law practice and business interests have brought him national note. In 1916, when the portents of America's future duty were arousing the country, Mr. Steiner, although not a member of the National Guard, raised the First Alabama Cavalry, a complete regiment, which was accepted for Federal service and sent to Texas. In March of 1917 Mr. Steiner was made brigadier general of the Alabama Brigade and subsequently given command of the 62nd Infantry Brigade, 31st Division, A. E. F.

EDITORIAL

A Sound Piece of Machinery

IF a man were to attempt to drive a racing automobile without brakes through a crowded city street, he probably would come to a smashing stop before he had gone a block, and his car would be reduced to useless wreckage. A mighty engine coupled to high gears—designed only for high speed—manifestly is ill-fitted for the open highway, no matter how inspiring its triumphs on a ramparted circular racing track. The serviceable automobile is one which has power in reserve to meet any requirement, so flexible that it can travel seventy miles an hour if necessary but able to slow down to less than walking speed as a part of its ordinary performance, and equipped with tires that will always sustain it and brakes which can bring it to a stop in an instant.

The difference between a racing motor car and a good every-day automobile may illustrate by comparison the difference between the fundamental conceptions of vanishing monarchies and the Constitution of the United States. The road of history is strewn with the wreckage of high-powered governments which ran wild and finally crashed because their fundamental law was unmanageable, unadapted equally to the slow, easy pace of progress, fast driving and the hard-grinding emergencies. The United States, on the other hand, finds itself still going strong with its century-old engine. True, the carburetor has been remodeled now and then, the brand of spark plugs has been changed periodically and worn brake linings have been replaced. But although the old eighteenth-century model has been altered a good deal, its fundamental structure remains sound and true.

The explanation for our comparative political success has been the adaptability of our fundamental law to changing conditions. Whenever the people of the United States have shown by majority action their wishes for a new law to meet new conditions, the legislative adjustment has been forthcoming—not always smoothly, it is true, for we have seemed dangerously near to the scrap pile on one or two occasions in our national life, and it took a four-year civil war to make one change effective. But always our system of checks and balances has succeeded at each test. Progress has never been too fast, but progress as a principle has never failed long. It is this flexibility of our political system which has been the best guarantee for unity and against revolutions. And the safeguards of that flexibility, the provisions of the Constitution and the functions of the Supreme Court, have ever operated as they were designed to.

Today we are facing new changes in our constitutional law. The President and a large section of our national law-making body advocate a constitutional amendment to check the issuance of tax-exempt securities. Other changes are also proposed. Each change will be considered thoroughly and the decisions when arrived at will probably be just. At least, they will be supported by the sentiment of the American people—for that sentiment makes laws and keeps them.

It was a World War Veteran, Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa, who recalled in the United States Senate not long ago just how our fundamental law does change responsive to the will of the people. In a speech before the Senate, Senator Brookhart said:

Then I can remember farther back when we talked of the power of Congress to levy an income tax. The proposal was considered as radical, and Watson and Weaver and others of the old pioneer leaders were derided for the radical views which they expressed; and yet that has gone into the Constitution of the United States. I remember when the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people was advocated by them, and that view met with derision and rebuke on the part of the wise statesmen of the generation; but now that is likewise a part of the Constitution of our country. I can remember when they also advocated prohibition and were described as belonging to the class of long-haired men and short-haired women, and yet today prohibition

is a part of the basic law of our land. I also remember the scornful words which were uttered against them when they spoke in favor of woman suffrage; but that, too, has become a part of our Constitution.

All this we have accomplished within a generation without the necessity of running an obstinate monarch off a throne. Let every American, therefore, be hopeful. In a world of rapid change, we shall neither be immovable from timidity nor stamped into rash national experimentations by the urgings of untried leadership. But, firm in our faith of the Constitution, including that clause which permits its amendment when necessary, we face each tomorrow with the spirit of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

Free Speech Works Both Ways

ANTI-MILITARIST organizations have aroused the resentment of Secretary of War Weeks by protesting against speeches delivered by army officers, especially Brig. Gen. Amos A. Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service. Press dispatches do not relate precisely wherein General Fries has given offense; presumably he has urged some measure of preparedness and explained the activities of his section. Chemical warfare is unpleasant, and an exposition of its terrible possibilities is not likely to arouse in the average audience a passion to go forth and give battle.

But what General Fries is going about saying has nothing to do with the question. The question of free speech is not specifically involved, because Secretary Weeks certainly has some shadow of right to keep generals off public platforms if he deems it in the best interests of the service to do so. Broadly, however, the question of free speech is involved.

Free speech means much more than permitting the radical to say what he wants to say provided he keeps within certain limitations. It also means permitting the rabid reactionary to have his say. A speaker may urge a monarchical form of government, with a House of Lords replacing the Senate and the establishment of an American peerage, if he is willing to have the change come about by constitutional methods. It is the same with that spirit of free religious worship of which we are justly proud—not only may Protestant and Catholic and Hebrew worship their God as their conscience directs them, but anyone may go out and establish a brand-new religion if he chooses.

The anti-militarist, supposedly representing the liberal element in American thought, should be the last to object to an army officer's saying what he wants to.

A Pro-Boxing Mayor

HIS Honor Comrade John J. Donovan, mayor of Lowell, Massachusetts, is nearly fifty-eight years old, but he can put on the gloves with the best of them, and he wants the rising generation to be able to do the same. He is trying to persuade the school board to make lessons in boxing a part of the curriculum of the public schools of Lowell. Mayor Donovan's suggestion has been opposed by some on the theory that it will make the boys brutal.

Maybe it will. And maybe proficiency in chemistry tends to make safe-blowers. Maybe—but probably not. Mayor Donovan points out that boxing will do for the physique all that tennis, baseball and football will do, and, in addition, it will cultivate confidence, courage and self-reliance to an extent not to be acquired from any other ordinary sport. He is right. Boxing, more than anything else, tends to cultivate individual courage, as distinguished from mass courage. The Germans were good fighters—collectively. They had mass courage. But the Germans were not noted for individual exploits of distinguished gallantry. And how many German boxers of reputation can you recall?

Mayor Donovan says he has boxed all his life. He was also a professional ball player in his young days, but at the age of fifty-two he wasn't so old that he couldn't pass for forty-five and enlist in the Fourteenth Engineers. He took part in five major operations, was twice wounded and discharged as a sergeant. Any kid should be willing to take a chance on the advice of the man who did that.

Why Join *the* Legion?

MEMBERSHIP in any organization, participation in any action under the sun, from mobilization to matrimony, involves responsibility. You give something yourself and receive something in return. When a man joins The American Legion he enters an entangling alliance. He gives of his personality to the common cause and he takes on some of the characteristics of the crowd.

If he and several hundred thousand of his comrades believe in, say, adequate military preparedness, the organization borrows that belief and makes it its own. On the other hand, if the Legion commits itself to a finish fight for the disabled, every single Legion man becomes, in the public mind, a champion of that cause.

This responsibility of partnership cannot be dodged. Every member realizes its existence when he pins the button on his coat lapel. Is it worth while? Is there an incentive for the veteran of the World War to give of himself to this aggregate personality and to receive back from it certain prerogatives and duties, a certain added reputation?

Personally, I believe it is very much worth while to contribute my one more voice to this composite voice of America's militant youth. I am proud and glad to accept, as part of my own reputation, the reputation of the Legion. Yet I can understand, I think, why only one eligible man in five belongs. It is the same reason that compels a certain chewing-gum manufacturer to keep spending a million dollars a year on advertising, the same reason that makes people fail to pay on time their insurance premiums and income tax returns, the reason that licked Napoleon at Waterloo and licks thousands of young men in business every year.

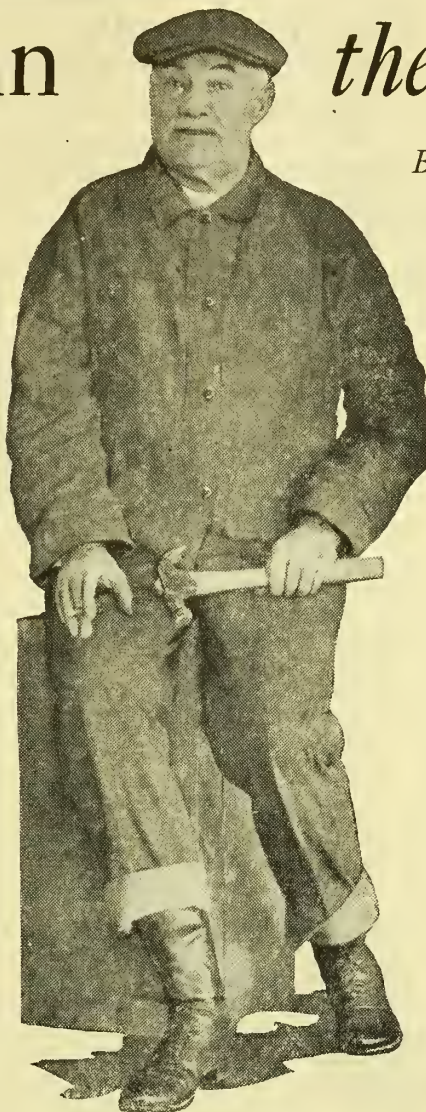
Plain old mental inertia.

How many times have you read an alluring advertisement that fairly forced you to buy? You were interested in the article, you needed it and you could afford it and all you had to do was clip a coupon off the corner of a page, stick it in an envelope and mail it. Yet you procrastinated.

Perhaps ten percent of ex-service men, estimating liberally, who stay out of the Legion do so for some positive reason—dislike of post officers, dissatisfaction at some policy, inability to pay the dues. The other ninety percent of the absentees are not Legion members simply because they cannot bring themselves to the point of actually devoting a certain minute to filling out an application blank, to writing a money order or a check.

I can think of a hundred positive reasons that move me past the inertia point, that prompt me to send in my Legion dues. Some of the reasons are purely personal: I like the men in my post; I value the feeling of association with other members in all parts of the world; I am proud that the sun never sets on the emblem. But there are certain fundamental reasons that should be common to all ex-service men.

Chief of these, I think, is opportunity; the chance for the young man—for



Denim instead of O. D. serge, a hammer instead of a riding crop—that is General Liggett's uniform when he enlists in a carpenters' detail to help put San Francisco Post's clubrooms in shape

the average age of your Legionnaire is still under thirty—to take part in world affairs as no young man ever before in history has been able to do. This is the age of youth. Up to ten years ago middle age and senescence ruled with a rod of iron. In mid-Victorian times the statesman ripened slowly. The business man served a long apprenticeship. The young man kept quiet, listened and obeyed. Civilization had been built on this foundation and few questioned its solidity.

Then came the greatest of all wars, and statesmen floundered and were dismayed to find that their rules were only theories. Youth, the soldier, had to come to their rescue. Youth paid with its blood for the mistakes of its elders, and youth knew it was paying and resolved to remedy things after the war.

The young men of all nations are today taking a hand in affairs. Their war service makes up for their lack of years. The elder statesmen must listen.

The young men of the Legion are a positive force in American life, and the

By Major General Hunter Liggett

GENERAL LIGGETT knows why he joined the Legion—in spite of his retirement from the Army he wanted to continue in the active service of his country. Today his work for the Legion has taken the highly practical form of the chairmanship of the San Francisco Convention Committee that is making arrangements for the Fifth National Convention of the Legion next October. Hunter Liggett was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1857 and was graduated from West Point in 1879. A list of the grades he has held, the outfits he has been with, and the campaigns in which he has participated would fill most of this page—suffice it to say that after thirty-eight years of honorable service the World War saw him put in command of the 41st Division, then of the First Corps, and subsequently, as lieutenant-general of the First Army in the days of its hardest and most effective fighting. From May 1 to July 2, 1919, General Liggett commanded the Third Army on the Rhine. Returning to the States, he became commander of the Western Department of the Army, with headquarters at San Francisco, and on March 21, 1921, was retired with the rank of major general.

•••

force derives from every single one of the members. Boys of twenty-five are taking a keen interest in civic and national affairs, are thinking their own thoughts and saying what they think, who a generation ago would have been content to leave the thinking and the doing to their elders.

The sense of responsibility is personal. The war taught that. Our American strategy, the Allied strategy, was based on the initiative of the individual. We taught discipline, but we left each man self-reliant. We told him, "Do this; but it is up to you how it is to be done." We gave orders but not directions. We mapped out army objectives but left the details of the assault to the squad leader. It was a sergeant's and a corporal's war. We excelled in open fighting, where each doughboy had to use his own brains.

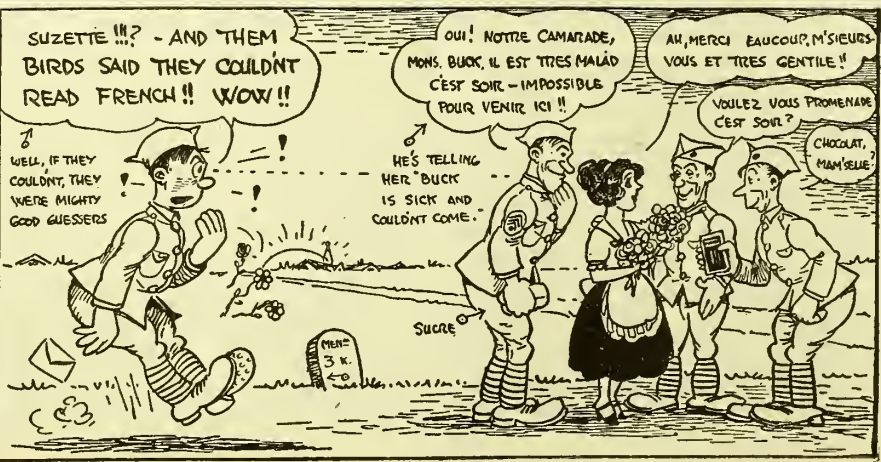
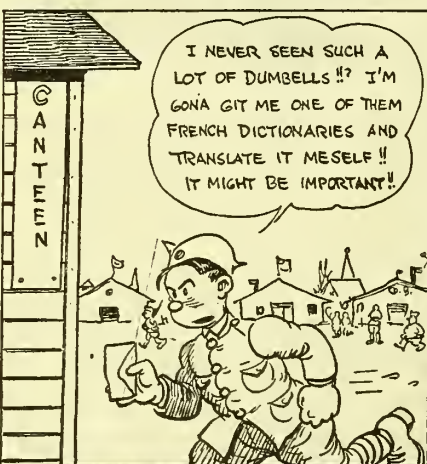
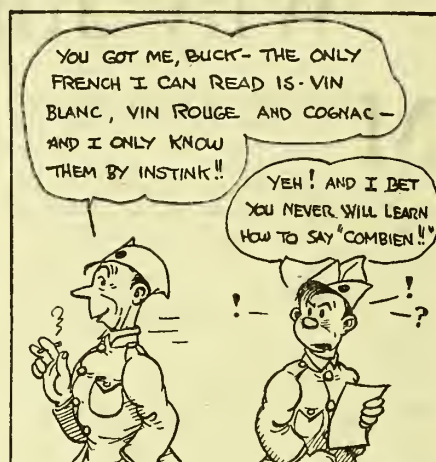
How often all of us have read, in citations for conspicuous gallantry, how one man, colonel or corporal, found an attack held up, divined the reason, solved the problem himself and thereby assured the success of the regiment and the division and the corps. It wasn't shoulder-to-shoulder stuff, such as the German soldier counted on. It wasn't mob bravery. It was each man contributing all of himself, by himself, for the common cause—the man in the assault trench, the man on watch on the patrol boat, the man unloading beef at Bordeaux.

The Lost Battalion held out because each man of that outfit had an individual will to hold out. There was nothing to prevent single men from giving themselves up, but the individuals willed themselves to endure

(Continued on page 29)

A. E. F. Flashbacks—The Rendezvous

By Wallgren



Keeping Step with the Legion

Address all communications to this department to The Step Keeper, National Headquarters Bureau, The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana



Getting Them

DELINQUENTS still exist. The Legion is still scurrying after 1922 members who haven't renewed for 1923. And while the chase is on, perhaps it will be worth while to talk about some methods of getting them in, old members and eligibles who never have been members. That's the gist of a letter from Edward O. Harrs, first vice-commander of Quentin Roosevelt Post of St. Louis, Missouri, who attached a statement telling how Roosevelt Post does it:

Bronze and silver discharge buttons mean eligibles for membership in The American Legion. This thought inspired Adjutant Albert F. Kammann to plan novel information cards which have corralled many new members for Quentin Roosevelt Post. The ex-service men generally have again become inoculated with the work bug. Everyone is too busy to stop, look or listen to any long-winded discourses on The American Legion. The knockout blow to apathy and the Eureka for getting new members was found in the "Hello, Buddy" cards, which give a brief resume of The American Legion—its organization, its principles and purposes.

This is how the cards are used and made effective. Roosevelt Post members when on the street, on a car, in the theater or at a ball game, upon seeing a discharge button in the lapel of a coat, quietly slip a card to the proud wearer. The card is presented with this statement, "Read it during your leisure time." The startled veteran's frown invariably changes to a smile of acknowledgment when he reads the salutation of comradeship, "Hello, Buddy." The card goes into the veteran's pocket, but for only a few moments. Out comes the card. It is read carefully and with thought. An attached post-card is filled in and signed. Thus a new member is added to the roll of The American Legion.

Another successful member-getting stunt was recently originated. It is a 7x11 poster with the picture of a doughboy pointing his finger to the reader with the following inscription:

"A reminder—to all Legionnaires. A warning—to U. S. foes within. An invitation—to eligible veterans."

The bold headline is followed by the Preamble of The American Legion Constitution, below which is printed an invitation to become a member of Quentin Roosevelt Post, the first post organized in The American Legion. The statement, "You Are Always Welcome at Our Meetings" also serves its purpose in attracting many visitors to our meetings. The posters are placed in all public places, downtown, uptown and in the offices of members. The officers and members of Quentin Roosevelt

Post are convinced that The American Legion needs publicity; but only publicity which will convince all classes that The American Legion is in reality a community building organization. Roosevelt Post is always active in constructive measures and the resulting publicity is not based on mere talk but on real action.

Hand in hand with the member-getting stunts, member-holding stunts must be considered and not overlooked. The safest member-holding stunt is controlled by the post officers. It is necessary to conduct all meetings promptly and in accordance with rules and regulations. Roosevelt Post meetings are convened promptly at 8:15. All business is dispatched according to the regulations and by-laws. The American Legion Ritual is followed in due form. Good speakers are invited, a variety of entertainment is planned and eats are supplied by our Auxiliary. Those who wish may trip the light fantastic to the tuneful strains of our post orchestra.

Stolen Jewels

GLANCING over at a desk on which was located a pile of copy marked "Hats Off," the Step Keeper's eye lighted on a letter from James P. Lawler, acting commander of Robert W. Bracken Post of Bristol, Pennsylvania. The letter said that Bracken Post thought the Weekly ought to take its hat off to Bracken Post "for making the installation of its officers the occasion for a community rally and membership drive. Peppy patriotic speeches by department Legion officials, a high-class entertainment by professionals and the serving of chow all followed the installation." The item was confiscated. The Step Keeper's hat is off to Bracken Post. And it will go off again for further ideas to make installations and such Legion events popular.

A Stopping-off Place

IF you take the southern route to the Fifth National Convention at San Francisco this fall, maybe you'll want to stop off at Las Vegas, New Mexico. At least, the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce has written in asking who would be going to San Francisco and who would like to stop off. Which reminded the Step Keeper that he asked, some time ago, for information about plans of Legionnaires on getting to the convention. The Step Keeper still wants to know that, and now he wants to know also if your post plans special entertainment for stop-overs from the East who may drop in at your town on the way out or back.

Attendance Ahoy!

ALBERT YOGG of Rochester, New York, must be a former gob. At least he belongs to a gob outfit—Milton L. Lewis Post of Rochester—and he advanced an idea for stimulating attendance at navy posts. After reading Sailor Yogg's letter it occurred to the Step Keeper that sailors in all posts might be able to give the soldiers a good time by trying one of the Lewis Post ideas on them. Hence, if the gobs around your headquarters begin shouting for action, maybe they'll consent to put on something like the following, as told by Yogg:

Our post had its troubles with non-attendance at meetings, until one grizzled old tar got up on his feet and suggested some form of stunt for every meeting along the lines of an initiation. After many arguments for and against it, they decided on an old naval tradition, namely, "crossing the line." Every meeting night ten members were issued subpoenas which read as follows:

"Report of the Board of Inspection concerning Milton L. Lewis Post, The American Legion, Rochester, N. Y.

"Subpoena:

"Whereas, It having been brought to the attention of his most exalted Majesty, Neptune Rex, that the membership of the above-named post of The American Legion is made up of worthy gobs who served faithfully during the late World War, the Mighty King of the Deep has decided to journey to the above named city and to establish his Court at the headquarters of said post.

"In looking over the High Royal Roster, we have come to the conclusion that it is time for the wonderful nautical soul of JOHN SAILOR to appear before the High Tribunal of Neptune.

"Resolved, That we demand the presence of the above in body, mind and soul at the next regular meeting of Milton L. Lewis Post and then and there to give an account of his life and render unto the High Court and Royal Sign of Neptune the everlasting respect that is due them. FAIL NOT.

"SCRUBANDWASHCLOTHES,

"Lord High Executioner.

"HOLYSTONEDECKS,

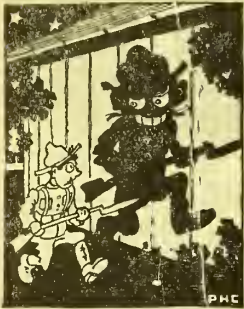
"Chief Clerk."

On the night of the meeting the ten men would appear and the degree team took them across the line after many hair-raising escapes from the ferocious sea-lion, wild sea-horses, mermaids, sharks and the court barber. Needless to say, these ten men would attend the following meeting to

(Continued on page 21)

Things That They Won't Forget

Three O'Clock and All's Well



About three o'clock on the morning of July 4, 1918, while I was doing sentry duty at Camp Grant, I got the greatest shock of my life—and, of course, my greatest thrill. I was walking post for the first time.

Around me lay some warehouses, located in the 341st Infantry area. I had relieved the sentry of the first watch at two o'clock, from which time I did my best to walk my post in a military manner. The sergeant of the guard had tipped us off that the O. D. would certainly pay us at least one visit, and I wanted to be ready for him.

An hour went by and no officer of the day appeared on the scene. Then came the thrill. I had just come to the end of one warehouse and started along the north side of the other three. The moon was in the sky, but I was in a deep shadow. As I stepped out into the light a figure standing beside a water barrel began walking away from me. He was distinctly visible. I executed a snappy port arms and challenged according to the I. D. R. The stranger didn't answer. Then I started toward him. He retreated.

"Halt! Who's there?" I yelled two or three times. Still no reply. So I began to run. The figure ran too. There was but one thing to do, and I did it. I slipped a few cartridges into my rifle, took careful aim and prepared to fire. Strange to relate, the mysterious stranger had halted, too, and was apparently waiting for me. I did not shoot but took one step forward. The figure, too, moved away one step. I took another. So did the figure. Then, to my horror, I saw that the nocturnal

Some people may have adopted a forget-the-war attitude, but the *Weekly* can assure veterans of an interested and sympathetic audience. Tell the Thrill Editor, 627 West 43d Street, New York City, your unforgettable experience. Unavailable letters cannot be returned.

visitor had a rifle pressed to his shoulder. For one fleeting moment my nerves tingled—and then I guessed the truth. I was on the verge of slaughtering my own shadow.—ERNEST T. THROM (Co. D, 311 Engrs., 86th Div.), Winger, Minn.

Face to Face

I WAS in the old American Field Service attached to the French Army in 1917. We were operating with the 46ème division of Chasseurs Alpin, and were up on the Chemin des Dames at Craonne. As any Frenchman can tell you, this was a warm spot on the map. But as far as a close first hand view of the Boches was concerned, I hadn't had any.

One day I fell in with a French artillery officer who offered to take me on a tour of the front lines. We reached a point where the trenches were only thirty yards apart, and there wasn't any gentleman's agreement about anything.

When we got safely into the observation post, and were squatting in the bottom waiting for his battery to open, I asked him how far we were from the Boches. He said I'd better look and see. So I pulled my casque well down over my eyes and peeped over the edge. And say, not ten feet away was a Boche doing what I was doing, and we looked each other right in the eye. I ducked and so did he. I shortly found reason to get out of that place, for I felt as though he might toss a grenade over to show his friendly feeling. It was a real thrill, and although afterward I had many others, it was the one that left the most crinkles in my backbone.—CARL C. MAGEE, JR., Quay, Okla.

An Unfinished Smoke

THERE were 126 of us at Camp Pontanzen anxiously waiting for a transport. We were going through apparently endless inspections and delousings. Among many other rumors we had heard of all sorts of dire things that had



happened to companies or individuals who were unfortunate enough to overstep some of the regulations of the M.P.'s. Not the least of these penalties, according to rumor, was six months with a labor battalion.

I think it happened on the first trip to the delousing plant. We were coming from a side street on to the main drag. On the corner was a mounted officer with a blue armband. When I came opposite him he called loudly to some one. Not thinking he meant me, I kept on. Then he called again and pointed his finger at me. I immediately fell out and came to attention. And these words were flung at me: "Throw that cigarette away. Didn't that captain call this detail to attention? Double-time to the head of the column and inform the captain to call this detail to attention when on the main street."

I never stopped to answer his question, but double-timed to the head of the column as fast as my legs would carry me. All I could think of was six months more in France, and what my lot would be should I be the innocent cause of the entire company's having to put in half a year with a labor battalion. I was not fully relieved till we had safely left the harbor of Brest ten days later. —F. C. KREIG, Billings, Mont.

The Private Who Knew How to Salute

MY greatest war thrill? 'Tis hard to decide among so many as befell a division commander during the exciting days of the Meuse-Argonne. The green division, containing sixty percent of men with but six weeks' training, had gone over the top in the gray dawn of September 26th against the frowning and sinister height of Montfaucon, which so strongly dominated the line of advance between the valleys of the Meuse and the Aire. Struggling valiantly forward over kilometers of terrain literally honeycombed with shell craters accumulated during four years of war, the front line of the division reached the glacis-like slopes leading to the summit, to be checked at nightfall by a bristling array of Boche machine guns.

Dawn of September 27th found the division commander at his advanced command post on the roadside in Malancourt. All roads were jammed with the artillery and trains of several divisions seeking to advance. Tanks and enemy shell-fire had cut all

wires leading to the front, and efforts to establish communications with the front line by orderly officers and runners proved unavailing. And thus the morning hours wore away under intense anxiety amid recurring downpours of rain and to the accompaniment of a Boche high-velocity shell which burst with great regularity on the Malancourt cross-road.

Shortly after noon a khaki-clad, mud-bespattered and breathless little private emerged from the ruins of Malancourt on a dog trot. Halting before the division commander with as snappy a salute as was ever witnessed on a parade ground, he handed over a slip of paper. It was a message from the colonel of the 313th Infantry reporting the capture of Montfaucon and the forward movement of his regiment to the next objective. Was it a thrill? You may well believe it was!—JOSEPH E. KUHN, Brig. Gen., U.S.A. (former commanding general, 79th Division), Scofield Barracks, T. H.



Your Home Town

Cleaning Up and Keeping Clean



IT is an encouraging indication of increased pride in the appearance of his city and also of his own grounds on the part of the average citizen that over 7,000 communities in the United States held clean-up campaigns in 1922. Some of these campaigns were spasmodic attempts with little effort at follow-up work, but many cities and towns are making the clean-up campaign an established part of their municipal program. A good example is Boston, where the clean-up is an annual affair with two weeks of publicity and two weeks of actual clean-up. Great interest is shown throughout the whole State of Massachusetts, and indeed throughout all New England. The New England Clean-up and Paint-up Campaign Committee offers a \$500 silver loving cup as an annual prize to the cleanest town in New England. Boston won the cup five years ago; since then the smaller cities have captured the prize.

St. Louis, also, has a well-organized spring clean-up campaign, and as in every case where the work is successful, plenty of time is given to effective publicity before the actual clean-up work begins. It is useless for a town to expect good results from a hasty, poorly organized effort. "A 'day' is merely pathetic, and a 'week' is hardly long enough to make even a fair start," says the editor of the 1923 spring "extra" of *Spotless Town News*, published by the National Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaign Bureau of St. Louis.

A very good example of how to organize a campaign in a small city is furnished by what was done in 1922 in Sapulpa, Oklahoma. A strong publicity committee was appointed which included the manager and editor of the local paper. This committee adopted the plan of using two-page spreads in the newspaper in advance of clean-up week for which they collected advertising. An example of their work is the following "proclamation" which appeared one May morning in large type in their local paper and startled the Sapulpans out of any civic sleep they might have fallen into.

WHY DIE BEFORE THY TIME? Clean Up, Burn Up, Haul Out, Paint Up, Keep It Up. Know All Good Citizens by These Presents:

THAT WHEREAS an annual city clean-up campaign has contributed material benefits to every city, and

WHEREAS the Sapulpa Chamber of Commerce has instituted a clean-up campaign for the purpose of (1) safe-guarding health, (2) elimination of flies and mosquitoes, (3)

By Harold S. Bутtenheim
Editor, The American City Magazine

disposal of all garbage and refuse, (4) the promotion of cleanliness, (5) furthering fire prevention, (6) stimulating civic pride, (7) making the home city beautiful.

NOW THEREFORE be it known that in keeping with the above plan, this proclamation is issued for a thorough clean-up campaign at Sapulpa, Oklahoma, beginning on Wednesday, May 10, ending on Wednesday, May 17, the above dates to mark the beginning of persistent and constructive efforts in this worthy movement; that the city officers will lend every possible support, and we urge each citizen to do his part in this all-important campaign. Special attention is called to the ordinances regarding health and sanitary conditions, which must in all events be complied with.

(Signed) H. A. M'CAULEY, Mayor.
J. C. MANNING, City Manager.

The committee arranged for a "Fly and Mosquito Edition," a "Garbage Edition" and one aptly called an "Appeal to Reason." The double spread was given by the newspaper at half rate; the ads were sold at full rate, which yielded enough money to provide for hire to load trucks and haul garbage. The trucks and drivers were furnished by firms voluntarily.

This same publicity committee also arranged for clean-up display in windows in the business district, clean-up films in the theaters, and clean-up pamphlets, cartoons and speakers in all the schools. Wherever Sapulpans went that week of May 10th they were followed by clean-up suggestions.

As to organization, to begin with, the Chamber of Commerce was selected as headquarters, and the first important step was the appointment of a compe-

tent general and a well-selected staff. Volunteer recruits were used, with the able assistance of auxiliary troops from the Boy Scouts. The city was divided into five districts, each assigned to a division commander. Each division commander selected five aids. Several photograph copies were made of the city map, each division commander retaining one for his personal use and cutting up another into divisions for his aids. The aids enlisted the Boy Scouts and other necessary help.

Instructions and a questionnaire were left in every house by the Boy Scouts, who also saw that the questionnaire was filled out and promptly returned. Approximately 2,000 of these reached the Chamber of Commerce within the week. The first set of questions had to do with the elimination of flies. Here is a selection:

Is there a stable? For horses? For cows?
How is manure cared for?
Is garbage kept in a covered receptacle?
How often disposed of?
Is there a toilet not connected with the sewer?
Is the same properly closed or screened?
How often cleaned?

The questions which follow were directed against the mosquito:

Is there any place where water is standing or might stand?
Does water stand in street or alley?
Do they agree to smash or punch holes in empty cans?
Are there open rain barrels or other water receptacles?
Do they agree to prevent mosquitoes from propagating in them?
Is there a basement or cellar which is damp or contains water?

The replies to these questions gave the general and his staff valuable information for use in conducting the campaign and were also preserved as a record for future reference.

The instructions were printed under five headings: Premises, buildings, garbage, stables, miscellaneous. Under "Premises" the citizens were instructed to

- (1) Remove all rubbish from cellar and back yard.
- (2) Provide for adequate drainage for yards and alleys.
- (3) Fill up all holes and low places.
- (4) Whitewash or paint all board fences.
- (5) Cut, rake and burn weeds on vacant lots.
- (6) Cut grass from all sidewalks.
- (7) Clean vacant lots of decaying and refuse material.

Under "Garbage" were the following:
(Cont'd on page 24)



De Queen, Arkansas, declared war on mosquitoes. Charles E. Brown Post of the Legion, hearing the war was on, shipped over. Hostilities lasted two days. The picture shows De Queen Legionnaires—the party sitting on the tire is Post Commander Gordon Carlton—returning from enemy territory with a load of captured material. Brown Post conducted the war by cleaning the rubbish out of town, thereby depriving the mosquitoes of food and lodging

A Post That Gave Its Own Auto Show

By Vere J. Banks

Commander, George N. Kemp Post,
The American Legion, Stroudsburg,
Pennsylvania

A NEW garage had been built in our town. Its shiny plate-glass windows, its red brick and white mortar freshness, simply clamored for attention. That garage fascinated George N. Kemp Post of Stroudsburg, always looking for the right kind of way to make money.

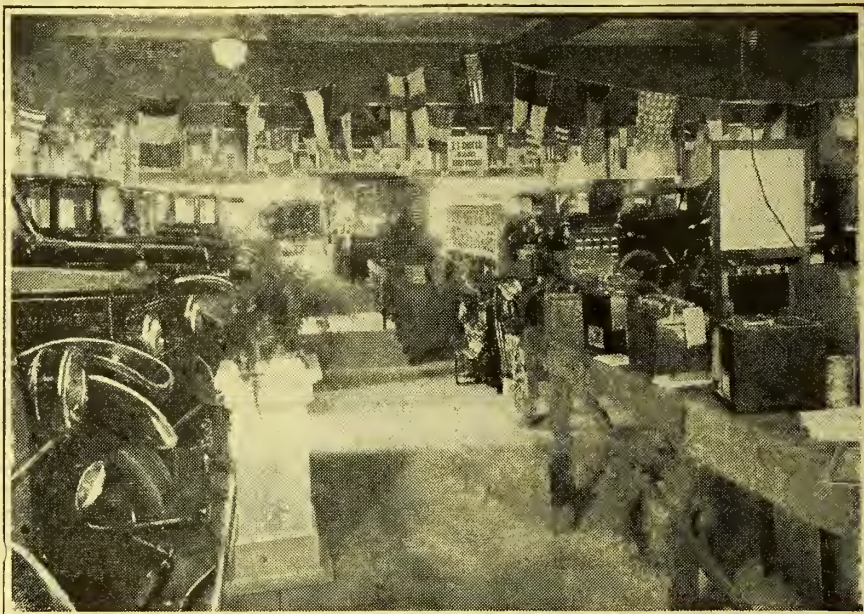
Someone said "auto show."

Auto Show it was from that moment. The idea fired the post's imagination and the whole town blazed into spirit behind us. Stroudsburg had never had an auto show. There had never been one in our county. Everybody wanted one, we found out. We gave it to them. The way we did it, incidentally clearing more than a thousand dollars for our post treasury and adding more than can be measured by dollars to our community's good will toward us, may inspire other posts whose problems are like our own. We found a need. We supplied it. There must be other towns, no larger than ours, where an American Legion Auto Show is needed. The auto show season has now passed, but this is not too late to begin planning a show for next year—January, February and March are the usual months. I shall tell in detail how we put on our show.

We sent letters to each automobile and accessory dealer in the county, telling him that the Legion Auto Show would be held in the new garage February 14th to 17th. We sent him a schedule of the show's rules and invited him to make an exhibit. We followed up our letters with a personal visit. The dealers signed contracts for the space they required and each deposited ten dollars to bind his agreement. All but two dealers in the county came in.

The owner of the garage signed an agreement of rental, thus placing our arrangements beyond outside interference. On the third night before the show opened the dealers assembled at the garage and drew for exhibition position. Accessory dealers were not entitled to this drawing privilege, but were satisfied to take what was left after the auto dealers had selected their spaces.

The three floors, ninety-six by forty-eight feet each, were marked off into sixteen and one-half by eight foot spaces. A rental of twenty-five dollars for one space and twenty dollars for each additional space was charged, for



Dealers drew lots for space positions in Stroudsburg's first auto show—a Legion-inspired and Legion-managed affair

cars and accessory spaces alike.

Without hesitation the local chamber of commerce, board of trade, merchants' association and other organizations endorsed the show and prepared to assist in every way they could.

Local newspapers fell right into the scheme. They had the show before every reader in the county several weeks before it took place. Each of the two live little papers put out special Legion Auto Show editions on the opening day of the show. Considerable money was to be made through this auto advertising. At first the post planned to take over the special show editions, but later the plan was abandoned and the papers developed it. Their excellent co-operation and preliminary writeups sprinkled liberally throughout the papers for three weeks helped tremendously. So the newspapers received good pay for their trouble and were more than satisfied.

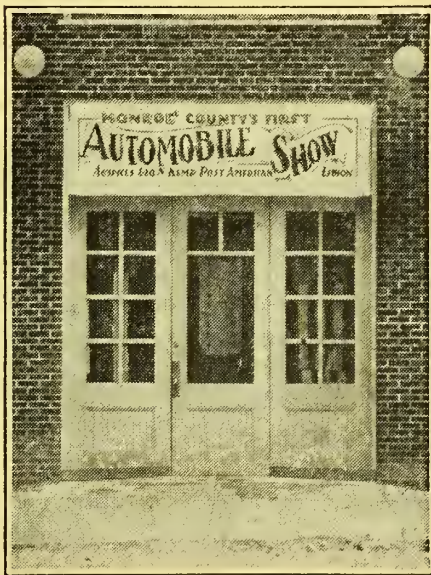
Fifteen husky Legionnaires attacked the new garage the evening before the show opened and within a few hours transformed it from a rough, newly-completed structure into a colorful bower of flags and bunting. The next morning every car was placed in its space between 7 a. m. and noon, as required by the schedule furnished each dealer. The afternoon was spent in arranging displays, and the show opened in the evening with a fifty-piece Elks' band hitting it up to suit the occasion. Of course there was a formal opening—speaking and all that.

A small door admission was charged to keep children from overrunning the showrooms. Men of the post conducted a canteen which sold smokes, ice cream and miscellaneous tidbits that crowds always buy while treating their eyes.

With the thermometer registering zero the show was visited by over fifteen hundred persons. When the visitor walked into this show he was permitted to feast his admiring eyes to a once-over of \$81,534 worth of high-grade cars and accessories arranged in a manner that brought forth surprised smiles and expressions of commendation.

A survey of the dealers after the show proved that every car exhibitor had sold at least one car. The average was from one to six immediate sales, with from ten to fifteen promising prospective sales in view. One dealer made six sales outright and listed fifty-seven excellent prospects. On the closing evening this dealer sold a big Cadillac sedan, which brought about the end of a perfect day for him. Every exhibitor was certain the show had proved to be the best advertising medium he had ever struck.

Total receipts for the post were \$1,801.37. Expenditures were \$784.74, and the net profit \$1,016.63. Besides this the post gained thirty-six brand new members, won the praise of the entire community and placed itself in the ring for conducting the county's annual auto show of the future. Arrangements are already completed for the Legion Auto Show of next season.



The sign at the entrance told what was going on inside and who was behind it



Making the Legion a Social Asset

Dancing isn't the only activity at Bowman's parties

"MOTHER, may I got out to dance?" "No, my darling daughter. The dance hall's filled with rowdy boys and I don't think you oughter."

Such used to be the parlous state of affairs in Bowman, North Dakota. Bowman is one of the many agricultural towns of the West in which the principal social activity of the young people is dancing, and in which this recreation is provided only by the public dance. Unfortunately there used to be a few individuals who liked to bring moonshine to the dances. Rowdyism followed, in spite of the vigilance of dance managers.

Formerly the high-school students were compelled to hold their dances in the public dance hall, this being the only place available. Many attended who were not connected with the school. This made adequate chaperonage and supervision impossible, with the result that many parents hesitated to permit their sons and daughters to attend the high-school dances.

The members of Frank Gordhamer

Post of the Legion, realizing these conditions, saw an opportunity to be of service. The post offered the use of the Legion building to high-school students for their dances and parties. It was provided that the dances were to be held not oftener than twice a month, from eight to eleven p. m., that they were to be conducted by a committee of high-school students under rules made and enforced by themselves and that they were to be supervised and chaperoned by members of the Legion post, the school faculty and parents. The restriction as to hours and frequency of dances was designed to forestall any criticism as to interference with school work and to permit even the younger members of the school to attend. Parties restricted to special groups and cliques were not approved.

A committee of five students appointed by the school superintendent, including both boys and girls, drew up a set of rules to govern the dances, which were submitted to the Legion committee for approval. The rules thus prepared

by the youngsters themselves were actually far more strict than any the Legionnaires had in mind. That this code was drawn up in good faith and that it was effectively enforced by the public spirit among the students is evidenced by the fact that there has been only one instance of an infraction of the rules, and that a slight one.

The committee representing the post kept in the background as much as possible. The Legionnaires felt that their job was not to act as M.P.'s but rather to offer their moral support to the youngsters. Parents and teachers were urged to attend, and when they came were made to feel welcome. The chaperones included at least one married couple at each dance, in many cases parents of the dancers.

The post members feel that the results attained have more than compensated them for the work and trouble involved. The increased regard of the boys and girls for the post and its individual members is a pleasant feature.

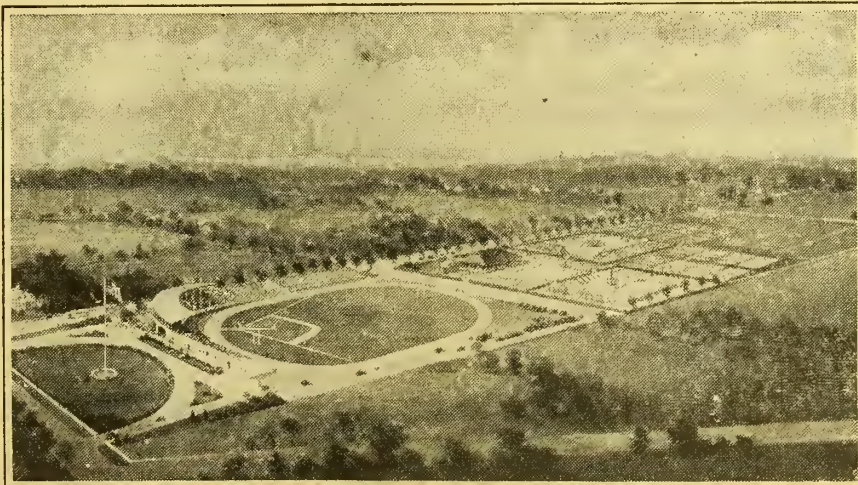
A Fifteen-Acre Memorial Playground

FLUSHING, Long Island, is part of New York City. Once a rural town, it looks forward to the time when it will become an indistinguishable part of the metropolis. Flushing several years ago began wondering what it would do for its play and sports when that day arrived. As a result, this fifteen-acre memorial field has been created out of one of the few remaining large tracts of land. William A. Leonard Post of the Legion assured the success of this project by conducting a canvass to raise a large part of the funds necessary and obtained \$25,000 within a month. A bronze tablet bearing the names of the sixty-eight

Flushing men and women who gave their lives in the war testifies to the post's efforts, and a large flagpole presented by the post stands at the entrance to the field. The field itself, when com-

pleted—it is now ready for baseball and football games—will be one of the most notable memorials in America. It consists of two main sections, one a five-acre athletic field with track, base-

ball and football grounds and grandstand, inclosed within a concrete wall, the other a public playground. A membership corporation has been formed to take title to the field, and control has been vested in the hands of fifteen directors, of whom five are members of Leonard Post. The secretary of the corporation is Henry B. Oatley, past commander of the post. The post has organized a baseball team to play every Saturday.



How the Flushing memorial will look when completed

Choosing a War Memorial Site

(Continued from page 7)

squarely on the sidewalk, I suppose, because the committee wanted a conspicuous site on Fifth Avenue. But the fact is, it is not particularly conspicuous; one has to cross the avenue to view it over the tops of buses. In shoving it close to the sidewalk the committee succeeded chiefly in placing it where boys could clamber over it and steal the saber chains, which they did.

Such a monument as this does not have to be placed on a street or a corner. People would go to see it, wherever its site.

How Washington Has Suffered

THE city of Washington suffered as did New York before the Federal Art Commission was appointed to watch over it. Any state or committee had but to ask for a certain site and it was granted regardless of the design. So we find monuments all out of scale to their surroundings, towering above us in almost every open space. The worst example of overloading a small place with memorial art is to be found in Lafayette Park, the little square directly in front of the White House. It contains five husky monuments—the center and all four corners filled. Can you imagine the French permitting anything like that?

Paris, by the way, has few misplaced monuments. As a rule her public art seems not to have been placed at all; it looks as though it just naturally grew there in all its beauty and fitness. The one exception that comes to my mind was, I think, prompted by some sentimental Americans who wanted the statue of Lafayette which was presented to France by our school children placed in front of the Louvre. There it stands, with the Gambetta monument directly in front of it. Both are good monuments, but neither can give its full measure of beauty because of the nearness of the other; the scale of each is in conflict in every detail with the other.

It must be remembered that it is comparatively easy to obtain a site; and once your memorial is up, future generations must accept it as you placed it. It is a much more difficult problem to move a monument because it is an expensive undertaking, and usually, the spirit is lacking.

There is, as I have said before, no hard and fast rule to follow in the matter of selecting a site; except that the matter should be placed entirely in the hands of a competent advisor or advisors.

The cities and states which now have art commissions are safe for the future, but many artistic blunders are about to be committed, I fear, by those too proud to accept advice.

Could anything be more absurd than the action taken by one State Legislature, one which passed a law "providing that the memorials of all counties shall be alike in character"? They claim that "it is a patriotic service for each county to help realize this unique and excellent program for adequate commemoration of the achievements of their boys in the World War." There are forty-five counties in this State.

The best memorial in the world, the best work of Michael Angelo, could not stand repetition forty-five times. The program smacks more of politics than of art.

The pamphlet on war memorials issued by the Commission of Fine Arts at Washington says: "If attempt is made to secure novelty, striking effect, and what is popularly called 'originality,' the result will not be permanently pleasing. The next generation will find the thing a burden and vexatious, and will seek to rid themselves of the incubus. Individuality and distinction are to be sought, and these are the elements that the artist alone can furnish."

A printed announcement of the state plan I have just referred to says that each county is getting a \$10,000 figure for \$3,250. It boasts of this job-lot method as being a means of making the State's contribution to art "the most unique and complete memorial of any State honoring their men in service." Again, this pamphlet says that "rightly the boys who saw service are leaving the erection of a memorial to a grateful public." I hope the "boys" won't leave this plan entirely to the minds that conceived it and seem bent on carrying it out. It is an atrocious project, and somehow it should be thwarted.

Are We in the What-Not Stage?

AS a people we are intensely sentimental and have a passionate love of nature and all her marvels. Artistically we are but slightly removed from the days of the what-not in the corner, littered with natural oddities, clam shells, coral branches and the wax flowers under glass. We still manifest that primitive desire to place all our treasures on the mantel, that all visitors may see them.

We pile our monuments along our busiest streets, at our most conspicuous corners; we strew them around our public buildings as Philadelphia has strewn so many around her city hall. Related to this practice is our present custom of carving our memorials with names. I want to say just a word about it before passing on to the subject of site.

When you came home from service, very likely you saw that a roll of honor had been erected near the post office or the city hall or in the assembly hall of your old school. On it were the names of all the men that had put on olive drab and blue. Your name was among them, and you felt a little proud when you saw it spelled out. Which was a perfectly proper emotion, just as the honor roll was a proper memorial as a temporary affair.

It is not proper, it is not good art, to carry the honor roll over into permanent memorials. In a hundred years no one is going to remember you and me; but that generation will remember whether an otherwise beautiful memorial is, in effect, hacked to pieces by the carving of a thousand unknown words. What that memorial says to the future is that the men of a certain locality offered their lives for democ-

racy, and that is the only message which it is necessary to send down the years. The addition of your name and mine and a thousand others will not strengthen it a bit; in fact, they will mar the monument, and by so much will they weaken the message.

There is a beautiful memorial by St. Gaudens in Washington which, while it bears no name to identify it, is known the world over as the Adams Memorial. No man can view it and not be moved, and no man can view it and not carry away a lasting impression. It is so situated that one needs a guide to find it, even when within a hundred feet of it, yet few leave Washington without seeing it, and many have gone to the capital for that sole purpose.

A Great Work of Art

PERHAPS you ask the reason for this. First, the Adams Memorial is a great work of art. Next, it is a shrine. Finally, one is so impressed by its setting, its great simplicity, its utter lack of ostentation, that the memory is indelibly impressed. The entire effect was brought about by the highly developed powers and gifts of the sculptor, not only as a craftsman but as an artist.

The same figure, beautiful as it is, would be entirely lost if placed, like Admiral Farragut, in the center of New York's hurly-burly. Many would pass it by unseeing, and none would be moved as they are moved in that quiet spot near Washington.

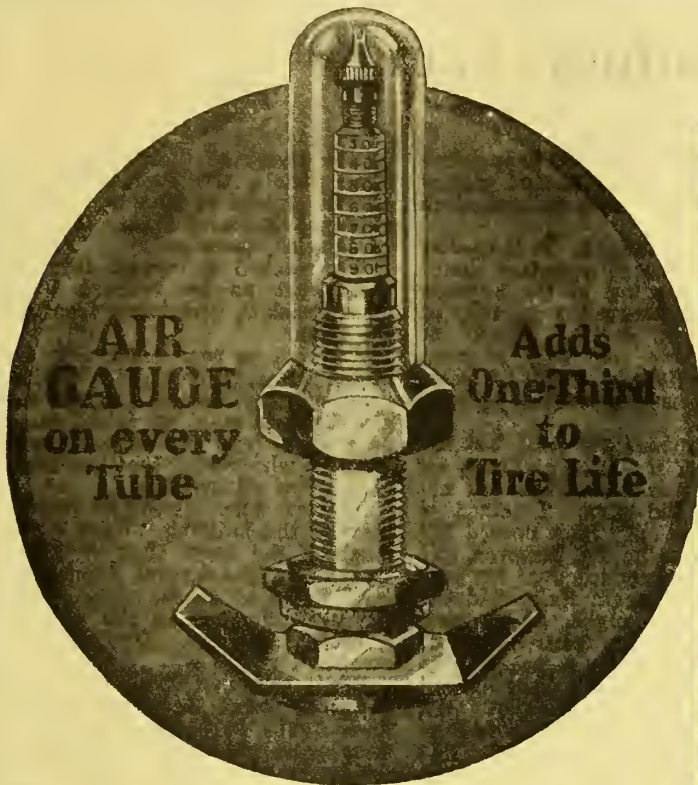
The artist possesses a strong though latent talent along all the lines of the kindred arts; that is, in the case of the sculptor, he is able to create an atmosphere around his figure, as well as give it a soul and seeming life.

Edwin A. Abbey has in his illustrations of Shakespeare and in his decorative panels of the legend of the Holy Grail in Boston accomplished all that the actor could do and more. He is stage manager, actor in all the parts, from star to mob. He is scenic artist, property man and electrician, all rolled into one.

There are hundreds of instances that would demonstrate how the artist has studied his site, as he has the deed or event that his conception is to represent, and made them all inseparable that we get the wonderful result of magnificent art. Go back in the past as far as you will and you will find that the artist has not only written history in imperishable beauty, but has given life and soul to the faiths, aspirations, legions and personalities of the world.

In every instance where his achievement has become surpassingly beautiful you will find that he, the artist, chose the site, and then through his trained fingers on canvas or stone flowed that spark which moves the beholder through the centuries. He it is that makes memory immortal. For remember that "what shall be done is less important than the manner in which it is done."

(In a third article in a succeeding issue Mr. Aitken will discuss several suitable types of World War memorials.)



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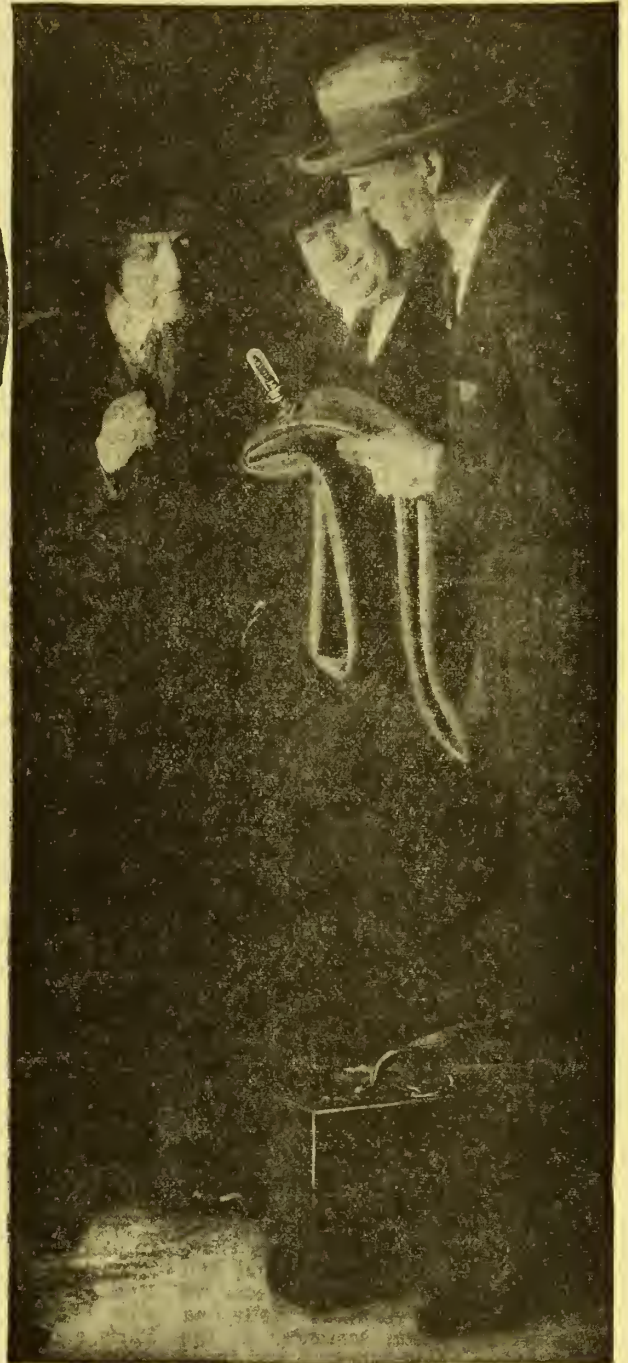
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The Viaduct Gang

(Continued from page 4)

at my whistle. I blew—the signal of the military police, D.C.I., and Intelligence Department when help was wanted. A bullet cut past me and I heard running steps. They were after me.

I pounded along the street to the first intersection and into it. It was scarcely more than an alley, tilted up nearly to the moon. But I ran, blowing the whistle repeatedly. I had gone probably a hundred yards when another shot sounded from the end of the street. I hugged the wall. In the shadow a French officer had halted at the sound of the firing.

He turned on his heel when I called him, and fled. On I ran, till another figure, a man in uniform, rushed up, offering help. He showed his credentials. He was First Sergeant Reilly of the Intelligence Department, a lad from Niagara Falls, New York, who made an excellent record in the service.

I explained what had happened and we hurried to telephones. Intelligence operators came immediately, military police, and a car full of my own men with Sergeant Madden. We prowled back along the street, searching for three hours. But the bogus M. P. and his accomplice had got away.

I returned, chagrined, to my office. The night went on with other duties. About four o'clock Corporal Oscar Jacob, a former member of the Detroit police force, and Sergeant Carse, a Canadian who had served for a time with Villa's army, both then attached to my company, brought in the two men who had escaped from me. They had discovered them not a hundred yards from the Restaurant du Viaduct crawling through the dark in an effort to reach an outbound freight.

In the meantime we had the third member of the gang under lock and key in the office of the assistant provost marshal. He said his name was Marcello Garcia and his home Brownsville, Texas. But that was all he would say. When my two operators brought in the other two prisoners we learned that the impersonator of the police was Fred B. Burns, a deserter, last heard from in Leavenworth, and that his pretended prisoner was Clarence Kelly, an habitual criminal and one of the worst men with whom we had to deal in the A. E. F. Kelly had twice served prison sentences in the States before going overseas, and twice had escaped while on the way to serve other sentences. He had tried to shoot the captain of a river steamer at Cincinnati, had assaulted a woman, and had served three years at Columbus and done further time in Kansas.

Piecing together the stories the three men told, discovering the few truthful words dropped inadvertently among their thousand lies, we began to patch up a case. At eight in the morning we called in M. Legal, French superintendent of police, who was a quick detective and also a polished gentleman.

With M. Legal we raided the Restaurant du Viaduct. We met disappointment. The stable in the rear was in great disorder. But the old man

and woman who were the proprietors shrugged their shoulders and denied that they had ever seen an American in their place.

We examined the café. In the cellar we came upon boxes of American tinned beef and, by digging in the haymow of the stable discovered a quantity of other foods and several barrels of sugar. But here was only a scant three hundred dollars' worth of stolen property—the losses had totaled a hundred thousand.

We were on the right trail, but far from the end of it. That night we sat up with our prisoners. We did not sleep, neither did they. I talked to Kelly all night. My men needed the sleep as much as he did, however, and my stenographer nodded over his pad.

Over and over again Kelly told the same story. One night, he claimed, he had slept in the railroad yard; the night before under a bridge; the night before that with some casual troops in the forwarding camp. His regiment had gone away and left him, he told us, three days before. The truth of the matter was he had been sent to France a prisoner following his regiment, had escaped immediately, and had been living by his wits for months.

At last, in a sleepy moment, Kelly replied to one of my questions inadvertently:

"I got a drink yesterday morning at a hotel on Rue Nationale."

"Where on Rue Nationale?" I flashed back at him.

"I don't know."

But he had mentioned sleeping under a bridge. We knew that there was a hotel of bad repute very near the bridge on that street. So the next night we raided it.

It was the Hotel Agriculture. When we mentioned its name M. Legal at first refused to send any of his own men—it was the hangout for Apaches; it would be too dangerous. But we convinced him, and at last he bravely brought five of his plain clothes men and joined us at nine o'clock.

We approached the place silently, in pairs, for we did not wish to arouse suspicions by appearing in a group. One of my men, a young Armenian who had lived most of his life in Paris and who looked like an Apache, went ahead of us. He sat in the dining room, drinking, getting the lay of the land. At nine o'clock he paid his bill and joined us on the corner.

He reported that there were then probably ten Frenchmen and five or six Americans in the building. The latter, who were rough-looking, had come in by a back way and passed up a stair at the rear. Our forces numbered eleven—five French operators, four men from my own office, M. Legal and myself. Legal and I approached first. Four men guarded the door at the rear. There were two front entrances, opening on connecting eating rooms.

At a signal Legal opened one door and I the other. Our men were at our heels, except two who remained

in the street at the front. Drawing their pistols, the Frenchmen ordered all the guests to line up. One man remained to guard them. The rest of us hurried upstairs.

We reached a barred door at the top. Just as we touched its knob glass crashed, seemingly from within the room.

We went on confidently. Our guards in the street, in front and back, would head off any escape. When we did get the door open we found the place deserted except for several grinning wenches who denied that any man had been there all evening.

A store room stretched across the rear of the building. Here we found much of the booty that we had been searching for—several thousand dollars' worth of shoes, sugar, chocolate, harness, tobacco. In the ceiling was a broken skylight. Our thieves had escaped through it!

While our men had watched zealously at front and rear, these fellows again had outwitted us. Running over roofs, they had dropped to safety on a distant side street and slipped away. But in the mass of booty which we collected, after the French police had placed the proprietor under arrest, we came upon three pairs of shoes which were to lead us to further discoveries.

They were a woman's pumps with patent leather tips and silver buckles. We recognized them. A month before they had been looted from a French consignment in a freight car. So every man on my own force and in the French secret police was ordered to examine those shoes and to report if he saw any others like them anywhere.

About this time there arose a great furore in the A. E. F. over bad prison conditions. It is true that sleeping quarters for prisoners in my office were not good. There was not enough space. But the prison room was warm. Officers, operators and prisoners ate the same kind of food and the same amount. But the prisoners had to spread their blankets over straw on a wooden floor, and the reformers were shocked. They forgot that these floor beds were for deserters who had been sleeping between sheets while the troops were in the trenches.

As a result of the criticism, I was ordered to deliver prisoners to the general prison. Our department objected and was overruled. We sent Kelly, Burns and Garcia to the post guard house, together with other mere deserters whom I held while awaiting word from their organization commanders. We warned the authorities that the trio we held were dangerous. That night Kelly went over the wall and we did not see him for five days.

At that time in my organization was a man named Jean Dubac, a former French farmer who is now a citizen of the United States. When he wished to he could look like the dirtiest, drunkenest peasant in the Depart-

(Continued on page 24)

Keeping Step With the Legion

(Continued from page 13)

watch the next ten victims go through their stuff. After initiation certificates would be given to each man that had crossed the line.

Everybody's Birthday

WHILE we have been talking about Memorial Day in these columns for about six weeks, we have not yet begun to discuss the next great holiday—Fourth of July. Lyman K. Swasey Post of Dixfield, Maine, stole a march on everybody on that; the post sent the Step Keeper a letter telling how it celebrated the Fourth in 1921 and in 1922. Here is the letter—printed partly because of the ideas it offers, partly because it may bring out some other good ideas for observing the day:

In 1921 Lyman K. Swasey Post inaugurated what is hoped will become an annual event—that is, a Fourth of July celebration. The public was invited to join with the Legion. The streets were gay with flags of all nations, and each pole was topped with Old Glory. There was a parade followed by ball games, boxing bouts, and dancing. Everybody had a good time and the Legion was richer by \$800.

The 1922 celebration was along similar lines. This time many tradesmen and manufacturers in nearby towns joined the local forces and entered floats in the parade, and the other attractions were on a larger scale. Thanks to the patronage of our own citizens and of those from the neighboring towns profits were \$1,000.

There will be another celebration the coming Fourth of July. Entries for the parade already exceed one hundred and several automobile dealers have engaged space on the grounds to exhibit their latest models. These entries come from territory within a radius of seventy-five miles. Three bands have been engaged.

There will be an enlarged and improved midway with many new attractions and as usual there will be baseball, and lots of it.

Stick Up Your Ears

HAVE you a little rabbit in the back yard? If so, how about hunting him to his lair? George Gowin, adjutant of Oscar Jacobson Post of Little Sauk, Minnesota, contributes the story of a competitive rabbit hunt staged by his post and non-members. Jacobson Post formed one team, the non-members another. Jacobson Post killed the most rabbits and the non-members had to give a banquet.

The rabbit hunt idea is not wholly new, we know, as some other posts have made them annual events. But also, how about duck hunting? And hunting in general? And fishing? Request No. 9876543 from the Step Keeper. What has your post been doing in the hunting and fishing line? Are hunting and fishing practicable post activities?



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Circumstantial Proof

This is blamed on a board of medical examiners.

A certain subject had been suspected of being half-witted, or something of the sort, and the M.D.'s were putting him over a series of mental hazards. One hypothetical question meandered along this way:

"Now, if you were passing a house where the curtains were lowered, and you saw a man you knew to be a doctor go in rather hurriedly, and a little while later a preacher entered, and a few minutes after him an undertaker drove up to the door, what would you surmise had happened in that house?"

Perkins grinned sheepishly, scraped his toe thoughtfully across the floor and finally answered:

"Well, sir, I'd think they had a still in there."

"The man's perfectly sane," snapped the head examiner.

The Makings of a Mess Sarge

Greebie: "Is Harris stingy?"

Armstrong: "Stingy! Why, when he was in the sardine packing business the toy dealers used to buy the boxes containing his products for babies' rattles."

Simplified

Daughter: "Dad, how do you spell sophisticated?"

Dad: "S-o-f-p-oh, just tell him he's too flip."

No Relish for Him

"What kind of a fellow is that efficiency expert?"

"Well, he never enjoys an ocean voyage because there is so much salt going to waste."

Of Course

The Man: "I love the green and shady trees, the soft grass, the quiet country."

The Maid: "What are you—a poet?"

The Man (proudly): "No. A hired hand."

Scientific Note

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand;
Mix them into concrete
And they beat the solid land.

Needs a Tonic

"I hear, Josh, that your son has decided to become a minister."

"Yep. First he wanted to be a professor, then it was an artist, and now it's a minister. Seems like that boy ain't got no appetite a-tall."

Impossible

"You should always look on the bright side of things."

"Can't be done. I'm no contortionist."

The Usual Trait

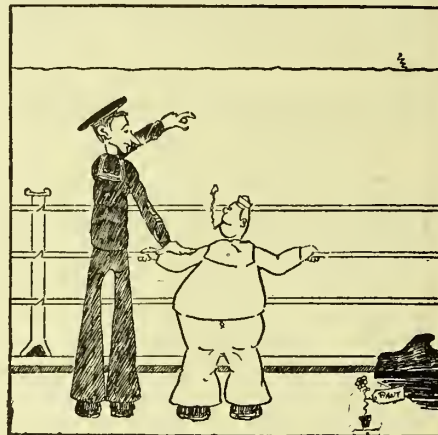
Fond Mother: "My Willie gets along so nicely with the neighbors' boys. He absolutely refuses to fight at all."

Rich Uncle: "Watch him closely then, Maria. That's the unfailing earmark of a professional pugilist."

Precautionary Measures

Clara: "Were you afraid he would be carried away by his eloquence while proposing?"

Bella: "There was little danger of that. I happened to be sitting on his lap."



First Sailor: What's that wriggling object on the horizon?

Second Sailor: Looks like a nervous wreck to me.

A Bray-ny Boy

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what states are noted for their mules?"

Bright Willie: "Yes, teacher, the Balkan states."

Salesmanship

The Boss: "Did you do as I told you and put up the sign outside, 'Two Tires \$50, One Tire Free'?"

The New Salesman: "Sure, and I've had pretty fair luck. I haven't sold any of the \$25 ones yet, but I've managed to give all the free ones away."

Making It Easier

A couple of gay young blades were discussing the newest feminine acquisition to their social set.

"Rather sophisticated little thing," remarked one patronizingly. "But she didn't have anything on Mae."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other, coming to the defense of the lady. "She jolly well flavors her lip rouge with strawberry, you know."

"Out of date," murmured Mae's friend. "Mae uses luminous paint so you can find them in the dark."

You Can't Blame Him

"Jones says he doesn't believe in signs any more."

"Well, you see he followed the advice on one of those 'Keep Smiling' cards and because he kept smiling all the time, folks started a story that he was losing his mind."

Heads Up!

Sign in the window of a haberdashery: "Big Sale On Shirts For Men With 16 or 17 Necks."

Army Recipes—No. 2

(An eminent professor has written us for a recipe for the rice pudding that was served so often in the Army. He informs us that he is preparing an exhibit on the Horrors of War and feels that it will not be complete without a sample of it.)

Take a peek of rice and soak it till it swells up like a newly-commissioned shavetail. Pour off the water and stir in several pounds of raisin seeds and some sandy prunes. Add the holes of a dozen doughnuts and tie the pudding in an old dishrag. Boil for one hour in the hot water in which

the cooks continually find themselves. Remove before the rice has had an opportunity to soften sufficiently to be edible, and serve stone cold. This pudding is also called the Devil's Own Dish because of the destination generally assigned to it by those who attempt to eat it.

A Sharp Rebuff

The young salesman placed his sample case on the porch and began genially: "How do you do? I should like to introduce you to our new corn razor." "You needn't waste your time," replied the farmer sharply. "An' what's more, young feller, that smart city slang won't get you very far in these parts. The next farm you stop at, you'd better call a scythe a scythe."

World's Worst Pun No. 2,732,188

Miss Sweeten: "They say Sally Serpentine vamped that small-town merchant out of enough provisions to last her a year."

Miss Lowe: "I wish I knew her system. How does she do it?"

Miss Sweeten: "In this case she probably appealed to the man's grocer nature."

Finesse

I had proof that he was cheating,
But could not prove so they'd believe,
For when he played the ace of spades
I had that ace right up my sleeve.

Analyzed

Mandy: "Huccum yo' ain' agitatin' yo'-se'f none today, yo' good-fo'-nothing fraction? Is yo' thinkin' of playin' sick ag'in, kaze if yo' is——"

Her Inactive Half: "Mebbe Ah ain' shonuff sick, gal, but Ah's feelin' pow'ful decomposed."

Literal Minded

A lover's quarrel was in progress. "You make me tired," she stormed. "You can't see anything but facts. You have no imagination. Why, I wouldn't marry you if we were the last two human beings in the world."

"Of course you wouldn't," replied her statistical suitor. "There wouldn't be any minister."

Thirty Days of Pleasure

Casey: "The judge gave Murphy thirty days just fer fightin'."

Callahan: "Ain't that grand, an' won't he have th' fine time? Thirty days set aside just fer fightin'!"

At the Russian Ball

"Will you do the Turkey-Trotzky?"

I inquired of fair Miss Krepps.

"No," she said, "you're talking rotsky, I just hate those Russian steppees."

Safe on One Side!

Alice: "Jack says he is between the devil and the deep sea."

Virginia: "Don't worry; he'll never get wet."

Real Service Records

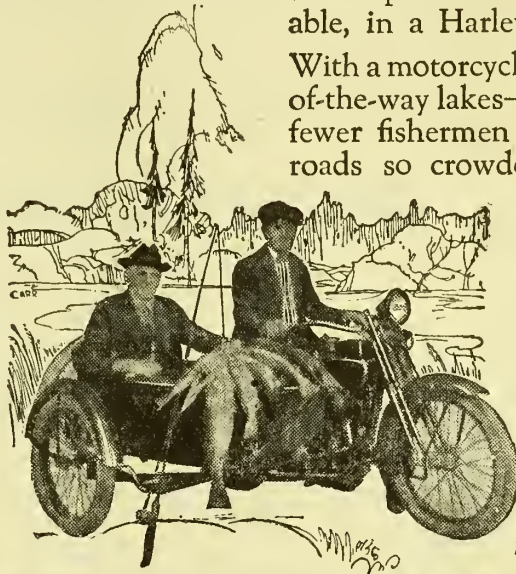
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"The History of the Twenty-Ninth Division." \$5 a copy.

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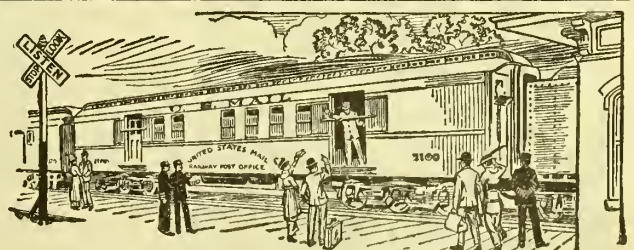
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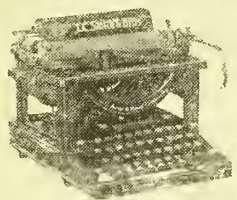
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Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y.C.

Your Home Town

(Continued from page 15)

- (1) Burn all rubbish which can be burned.
- (2) Collect all old wire, tin cans, buckets, etc., and pile all garbage at the end of your alley next to the street. This will expedite the collection and hauling away.
- (3) Smash all cans so they will not collect water.
- (4) Keep a barrel or retainer for all garbage.
- (5) Have all garbage ready for collection by the 17th of May. All garbage will be hauled away free of charge on that day.

The instructions ended with the following reminder: "And remember that cheerful compliance with these sugges-

tions and with every other effort of the Health Department will help to make your city a more healthful one in which to live. You should be glad to do it."

So great was the interest and the volunteer service that this clean-up campaign, which resulted in the hauling away of over two hundred loads of junk, cost the Chamber of Commerce only \$27.50, which was paid out of the budget. By the time the campaign was over the town was not only cleaned up, but every citizen in it had been educated in the relation of cleanliness to health and beauty, and had had his civic pride and his sense of personal responsibility to his town greatly stimulated.

The Viaduct Gang

(Continued from page 20)

ment of the Sarthe. He was the first to bring in a report of Kelly.

In a small, mean café a drunken woman had talked. An American soldier had given her money. She described him as Kelly. Dubac listened. He followed her home. We put an unseen guard on her door. For several nights we heard no more of her.

Then in another café there broke out a near riot. An American with a revolver drove out the management, looted the cash drawers and departed hastily. By the time we arrived all that remained was another good description of Kelly. It annoyed us. All other work stopped for twenty-four hours and I ordered my men to bring him in.

And then one of my operators—it was Jacob, I believe—saw a woman on the street wearing shoes like those we had found at the Hotel Agriculture. He trailed her. She entered the same house to which Dubac had followed the woman who described Kelly.

We consulted the French police. M. Legal twisted his moustache.

"You have gone to the worst house in the city," he explained. "It is the house with the tunnel, where it is almost impossible to capture anyone. Underground passages run to a dozen other houses. If we make a sound when we enter, out they go the other way, and we find empty rooms for our pains."

One of his grizzled plain-clothes men, stooping over a *procès verbal* at a desk in a corner, turned around.

"Let's use Alice," he suggested. "Ah!" M. Legal clapped his hands. "Send for her—get her at once!"

It was nearly midnight when they appeared with Alice. She was a pretty child with crafty eyes. I don't believe she was more than sixteen, but she admitted she had seen a world of wickedness. The gendarmes who tugged her into the room had been rough, and she examined the white marks of their fingers on her wrists.

"Hello, policemen." She turned to me. "I know you a long time. I always keep away from you."

"Alice," said M. Legal, "we have you for that robbery by the old church—we know all about it. Do you want us to prosecute?"

"Oh, Monsieur!" She pouted, trying to appeal prettily. But M. Legal

was long experienced and knew the wiles of the *gigoulette*, as the female Apache is called.

"There is no time to be funny," he snapped. "Will you work for us tonight, or do you want to go back to prison?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go to the house of Germaine, get in, and let us in after you."

"Germaine would kill me," she replied carelessly.

"No—Germaine will be an old woman when she gets out of prison. Unless you want to go instead."

"I'll get you in," she replied, and we started through the night.

With me were several of my best men; reckless adventurers they were, too. Legal took six of his tried operators and two great police dogs that walked properly with their chains taut.

At the corner where I knew my own sentinels were watching I went ahead. One of them stepped out of the dark.

"Two more men just went in," he whispered.

"That makes how many in there?"

"Three that I'm sure of, and two women."

M. Legal sent Alice ahead, with a police dog tugging at her dress and growling in its throat. The Frenchman followed, slipping along the wall. I trailed at his heels; the rest of our men hid under the shadows, out of the range of overhanging windows.

Alice knocked, at the same time whistling a birdlike note. Immediately the chains rattled and the door swung back.

"Come in." It was a woman's voice. But before Alice could move the two police dogs had leaped through the opening into the dark. Legal jumped forward. Our men closed in. Flashlights streaked the black passage. So silently did it all happen that the conversation in a rear room had not stopped.

The woman who had opened the door, and Alice, we pushed into the street, turning them over to one of our waiting men. The first police dog, meantime had run to the rear, and was sniffing at a door. His mate turned to the right and plunged down stone steps into the basement. The one had been trained to search cellars, the other to hunt above stairs.

We burst through the inner door. In a lamplighted room, thick with

If You Need More Money

James Murdock, a loyal Legionnaire from Iowa, will go to France this summer on the money he earned as a representative of The American Legion Weekly.

Another live comrade, E. D. Jones of Nebraska, is making a daily average of \$6.50 extra. Comrade Jones represents the Weekly in his spare time only.

A Legion brother in California, Mark Brown, is giving his entire time in acting as our representative in his community and nearby cities. This man's weekly income is never less than \$100.

All of these loyal Legionnaires and hundreds of others like them answered The American Legion Weekly's call for local Representatives. Each of these men today have to thank for their good fortune, a coupon like the one below which gave them their opportunity. Not only are these men all highly respected by their fellow citizens as Representatives of the fourth largest weekly magazine in the United States, but each one of them has the satisfaction that goes with a bulging purse and a fat bank account.

Join the ranks of these big money earners. If you are a loyal Legionnaire, we will be glad to appoint you our representative in your city.

SEND THIS COUPON

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly
627 West 43d Street, New York City

Gentlemen: I'm interested, so please tell me without obligation, all about your plan.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

Legion Post.....

the fumes of liquor and cigarettes, we found Kelly, sprawled drunkenly at a table. Three other Americans and a Frenchman were in sleepy conversation with a girl who looked so much like Alice that she startled me.

Kelly, the one Frenchman, and the three other Americans—all deserters who had been on their own for six months or more—were lined up, searched and cuffed together. In the basement was a treasure of stolen goods. We carted it back to the French and American owners—hundreds of pairs of shoes, sugar, tobacco, chocolate and bolts of cloth, altogether eighteen thousand dollars' worth of property.

Kelly escaped within a week over the barbed wire of a venereal detention camp, taking with him Harper, one of his companions caught that night. But the Viaduct gang had been broken up. Burns got five years, others from thirty days to a year.

When we left the house of Germaine, our man on duty in the street brought Alice back into the light. She looked at the girl we had captured with Kelly.

"Hello, Germaine," she said pleasantly.

"If it takes a thousand years, I'll kill you," answered Germaine.

Alice turned up her short nose at the girl she had betrayed.

"A nice sister I have," she said. "So gentle!"

(Another "Tale of the D.C.I."—"M'seer Sharley"—will appear in an early issue.)

Catching Up

The week ending April 11th in the Weekly subscription card race finds Arkansas up with the big ten. A month before she was in twenty-fifth place. How about your own department? The standing of departments on April 11th in proportion of 1923 cards received to total 1922 membership, with the standing on the same date last year, based on the previous year's total, follows:

1923	1922	1923	1922
1 Georgia	16	25 Washington ..	47
2 Idaho	35	26 Colorado	42
3 Arizona	45	27 Wisconsin	14
4 S. Dakota	22	28 Connecticut ..	43
5 N. Hampshire ..	24	29 Texas	28
6 Nebraska	6	30 Ohio	13
7 S. Carolina	33	31 Tennessee	25
8 Arkansas	2	32 Alabama	32
9 Iowa	8	33 Oklahoma	3
10 New York	38	34 Massachusetts ..	41
11 Illinois	34	35 Delaware	48
12 Maine	23	36 Kentucky	19
13 Rhode Island ..	12	37 Montana	36
14 Kansas	26	38 Mississippi	20
15 Indiana	18	39 Virginia	37
16 New Jersey	46	40 Maryland	27
17 Nevada	49	41 Michigan	31
18 Minnesota	11	42 Wyoming	10
19 Utah	4	43 Oregon	21
20 N. Dakota	15	44 N. Carolina	9
21 W. Virginia	40	45 Florida	1
22 California	39	46 D. C.	30
23 Vermont	29	47 Missouri	7
24 Penna.	17	48 New Mexico ..	5
	49 Louisiana	44	

A Month to May 30

(Continued from page 8)

INSON Post, \$5; Ft. Collins: Vocational Training students, \$27.25.

CONNECTICUT. Danbury: Danbury Post, \$5; New Haven: George H. Gray, \$2; Suffield: Suffield Post, \$5.

CUBA. Havana: Havana Post, \$50.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. Washington: Charles Beach, \$1.

FLORIDA. Daytona: Auxiliary to Russell C. Warner Post, \$7.50; Jacksonville: C. C. Bettes, \$5; Orlando: J. Y. Cheney, \$10.

GEORGIA. Valdosta: Miss Myrtis J. Tarte, \$1. IDAHO. Boise: W. A. McKennie, \$1; Poca-

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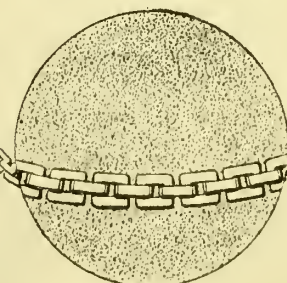
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ILLINOIS. Chicago: John M. Eberwein, \$1; Charles W. Shepherd, \$1; M. A. Wiczorek, \$2; Milton J. Foreman, \$25; Marion: Williamson County Post, \$1; Robinson: Luella Kinney, \$1; East St. Louis: E. R. Kenneth, \$1; Clinton: M. H. Sherman, \$2; Glenoc: Mary J. Barber, \$10; Mary C. Barber, \$10; Moline: Paul A. Gullberg, \$5.

INDIANA. Anderson: Auxiliary to George H. Beckett Post, \$10; Covington: Mrs. Minnie S. Lusader, \$50; Fowler: Fowler Post, \$28; Indianapolis: James H. Wilson, \$1; Skidmore Dean Post, \$25; National Military Home: Hubert Stilwell, \$2; Logansport: Cass County Post, \$1.

IOWA. Burt: D. F. Schurster, \$1; Ft. Madison: Mr. Fintelman, \$1; Guthrie Center: Anna Shearer, \$5; Hawarden: Roy H. Searle, \$1; Lost Nation: H. B. Hansen, \$1; Marengo: W. A. Wandling Post, \$25.

KANSAS. Kanopolis: Fort Harker Post, \$9; New Ulysses: Charles B. Hart Post, \$6.80; Russell: Auxiliary to William Roe Post, \$5.

KENTUCKY. Louisville: Allen Benedict, \$2.50. MAINE. Dexter: Edward J. Pouliot Post, \$10.

MARYLAND. Cumberland: Thomas L. Pierce, \$1; Silver Spring: Hugh R. Brickert, \$1.

MASSACHUSETTS. Charlestown: Revere W. Bangs, \$10; Lawrence: Lawrence Post, \$1; Medford: Auxiliary to Beekwith Post, \$5.

MEXICO. Tampico: Robert S. Mundy, \$4.

MICHIGAN. Detroit: Peter C. Sweeney, \$1; Robert J. Baskerville, \$1; John Roehl, \$1; Norbert Barry, \$1; Robert E. Kilgore, \$1; Anthony Deloff, \$2; John Waraas, \$2; Kalamazoo: Joseph B. Westedje Post, \$5; Grand Rapids: Carl A. Johanson Post, \$250; Company F, 16th U. S. Infantry (by Charles E. Sipes), \$5.

MINNESOTA. Dugdale: L. G. Mitson, \$1; Glencoe: Auxiliary to Otto B. Hagen Post, \$5; Isabelle Zrust, \$2; Greaney: Oscar Hansen, \$1.

MISSISSIPPI. Laurel: W. H. Lehr, \$2.

MISSOURI. Joplin: George C. Shekels, \$3.

MONTANA. Denton: Denton Post, \$5.

NEBRASKA. Cambridge: Cambridge Post, \$1; Gordon: Sturdevant Post, \$1; Palmer: Burton-Beyer Post, \$5.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Wolfboro: Harry Harri-man Post, \$10.

NEW JERSEY. Burlington: Capt. James MacFarland Post, \$15; West Hoboken: West Hoboken Post, \$10.

NEW YORK. Ardonia: A Gold Star Mother, \$1; Babylon: Babylon Post, \$30.45; Brooklyn: Sgt. Joyce Kilmer Post, \$1; Governors Island: Paul L. Rodgers, \$2; Irvington: Spencer Kelly Post, \$2; New York City: Ernest K. Coulter, \$10; Noble Callahan, \$1; Murray Hill Post, \$5; Syracuse: Charles

McCarthy, \$3; Fred W. Rosenkrans, \$1; Earl C. Gowdy, \$1; Waverly: Charles A. Belles, \$10. NORTH DAKOTA. Park River: Paul Farup Post, \$10.

OHIO. Bluffton: Calvin Kempf, \$1; Bryan: Auxiliary to Charles E. Arnold Post, \$18; Continental: A. V. Kerstnig, \$1; Cuyahoga Falls: A. M. Cross, \$5; Freeport: E. H. Learned, \$1; Fremont: Arthur Newman, \$1; Lorain: Harriet Rott, \$5; New Richmond: Truman J. Miles, \$1; North Ridgeville: J. H. Getz, \$1; Toledo: Arthur Daly Post, \$10.

OKLAHOMA. Collinsville: G. B. Middleton, \$2; Nowata: Gladys Arnold, \$15; Oklahoma City: Milton Lewinsohn, \$10; Sayre: Glen Russell Martin Post, \$11.50; Texhoma: Rock-McAdams Post, \$2.50; Tulsa: Fred F. Roberts, \$1; John E. Swain, \$1; Yale: V. O. Davis, \$5.

OREGON. Dufur: R. D. Morton, \$1; Klamath Falls: Klamath Post, \$22.

PENNSYLVANIA. Beech Creek: Russell J. Linn, \$5; Erie: Harry B. Boyd, \$2; Allentown: Gustav H. Kaemmerling, \$5; Forest City: Post No. 524, \$5; Louis Skubic, \$5; Michael Skubic, \$5; Glen Rock: Austin L. Grove Post, \$10; Lewistown: Dr. F. A. Rupp, \$2; North East: Woman's Relief Corps, \$5; Philadelphia: Kensington Post, \$10; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Houston, \$200; J. Russell Patton, \$5; Mrs. F. C. Feichter, Sr., \$25; Lt. Jos. S. Ferguson Post, \$15; Sunbury: Milton Jarrett Norman Post, \$25; Towanda: University Post, \$1; West Pittston: Mrs. Mabel D. Stark, \$5; Williamsport: Garrett Cochran Post, \$5; Wilmerding: George Westinghouse Post, \$10.

RHODE ISLAND. Providence: In memory of Pvt. Wallace J. Brymner, \$5.

SOUTH DAKOTA. Lemmon: Brethorst-Burma Post, \$7.50; Gann Valley: Abernathy Post, \$6.45; Rapid City: Joseph Barr, \$1; Seneca: Whitney Post, \$6.

TENNESSEE. Columbia: Daily Herald, \$52; McKenzie: Auxiliary to McKenzie Post, \$5.

TEXAS. Gonzales: Gonzales Post, \$1; Elgin: Henry A. Lundgren Post, \$10; Houston: Roy C. Ritch, \$2; Stamford: Vernon D. Hart Post, \$13; Texarkana: Hal Greene, \$1.

VIRGINIA. Norfolk: Woman's Post, \$25.

WASHINGTON. Garfield: G. Raymond McCown Post, \$5; Spokane: W. R. McCall, \$5.

WEST VIRGINIA. Alderson: Mrs. Jean Moffett, \$10; Philippi: Barbour County Post, \$15.

WISCONSIN. Adams: Adams County Post, \$8.25; Ford Du Lac: F. Ryan Duffy, \$10.

Austin A. Peterson, \$10; Gilman: Eileen L. Forrest Post, \$6.69; Hartford: Carl J. Rhodes, \$1; Salem: H. M. Robinson, \$10; Two Rivers: Clarence Cope, \$1; Washburn: B. Chatkin, \$5; Milwaukee: Charles D. Boyd, \$10; Waukesha: George H. Barton, \$2; Alfred J. Barton, \$2; Mrs. Mary E. Barton, \$2.

WYOMING. Afton: Star Valley Post, \$15; Laramie: Mrs. Mary Freeman, \$1.

Checks for the Graves Endowment Fund should be made payable to the National Treasurer, The American Legion, and addressed to him at National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

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EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE THIS BOOK

Tells just what to do the instant baby is sick, before the doctor arrives. Take no chances losing baby. Every year thousands of little children suffer or die because the mother didn't know what to do. 500 pages. Fully illustrated, beautifully bound. Only \$1.00. Entirely new. Advice for expectant mothers and midwives. Send for it to-day. Money back if not satisfied. Agents wanted. World's Medical Press, No. 664 Washington Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



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If so, tell four friends about it and then write us. Just say, "I want to be a Spartanaire."

The Spartanaire Clubs and Companies
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Records of the World War

A SET of books entitled "The Uncensored Official Source Records of the Great Events of the Great War" has been placed on the market with the endorsement and supervision of a committee appointed by the National Executive Committee of The American Legion. A certain percentage of the gross profits from the sale of the books accrues to the Legion. These profits will be distributed to posts, depart-

ments and to National Headquarters of the Legion.

The primary purpose in endorsing the volumes, however, was to lend Legion support to the authenticity of the books as records of the World War. Winsor B. Williams has been appointed special representative of The American Legion Records Fund at the office of the publishers, 30 Church Street, New York City.

Outfit Reunions and Notices

Contributions for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

ORDNANCE CLUB OF AMERICA.—Fifth annual reunion and banquet, Hotel La Salle, Chicago, May 5. All men formerly in Ordnance Corps are eligible and invited to membership. Address A. G. Earnshaw, Room 504, 333 S. Dearborn st., Chicago.

SECOND DIVISION.—Annual reunion, Second Division Association, New York City, June 6, 7, 8. Address J. A. Hughes, Room 802, 40 Rector st., New York City.

42D DIVISION.—State convention of Rainbow Veterans of Ohio will be held in Cincinnati June 1, 2, 3, 1923, under auspices Rainbow Post, The American Legion. Address Convention Committee, Rainbow Veterans, Burnet House, Cincinnati, O.

BORDEAUX EMBARKATION CAMP.—Former officers and enlisted men of permanent personnel stationed at Camp Genecart, Bordeaux, are re-

quested to write H. M. Cass, Huron, S. D. 353D INFANTRY.—Fourth annual reunion, Hutchinson, Kans., Sept. 16, 17, 18. Advance notice. For particulars address Frank Holdren, Citizens Bank, Hutchinson, Kans.

BASE HOSPITAL No. 10.—Second reunion and dinner dance, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, May 19. Address Florence E. Wagner, Pennsylvania Hospital, 8th and Spruce sts., Philadelphia.

Co. M, 145TH INF.—First annual reunion at Painesville, O., May 6. Address Earl O. Moser, Heard Block, Painesville.

Co. M, 137TH INF.—Annual reunion at Salina, Kans., May 7. Address Thomas A. Oliver, 129½ S. Santa Fe av., Salina.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT, 104TH INF.—Former members are requested to write Victor A. Gagnon, 304 Worthington st., Springfield, Mass.

The Profiteer Hunt

(Continued from page 6)

legality of the fixed-price contract of September 2, 1918, on the ground that the terms of that contract were extortionate, and that they increased the obligations of the Government without vouchsafing any return therefor. Legal experts of the Air Service point to an abundance of precedent, including Supreme Court decisions, which they say sustains the Department's contention. They contend that the courts have held that the Government cannot be bound to a bargain which is extortionate by accepted standards of fixed and known values or percentages. In support of this view the Government has cited in a court action already instituted against another contractor the case of a man who sold to the United States for \$1,200 a ton of corn shucks "actually not worth more than \$35." The court held the contract void, and the Government recovered the money it had paid. "Such a contract," said the court, "whether founded on fraud, accident, mistake, folly or ignorance, is void at common law. It is not necessary to invoke the aid of a court of equity to reform it."

The Government, therefore, is dealing with the Packard company under the terms of the original cost-plus contracts. It does not, however, recognize the validity of all features of these contracts, particularly the bonus feature. The special board which reviewed the auditors' findings touched on this point in its report to the Secretary of War, saying:

It is the opinion of the board that the profit gained or allowed under the original contract was so large that in law it was extortionate, and therefore that the contract in relation to fixing the price was void on the theory that the contract was so unfair and unjust to the Government that no agent or officer of the Government had any authority to execute any such contract. . . . So it seems to the board beyond legitimate argument that to permit the contractor to retain \$4,012,450 under this so-called "savings" clause would simply be adding that much profit under another name and that the clause providing for this payment was in the beginning vicious and therefore constructively fraudulent.

The board goes on to say that "undisputed facts show that within a period of a year and a half" the Packard company's profits exceeded \$11,000,000 and that "this profit does not take into consideration other great monetary benefits received by the contractor." These additional benefits were largely in the form of special tools, equipment, etc. The Packard contracts actually cost the Government \$40,775,568, of which sum the auditors represent \$18,846,644 as manufacturing costs, \$10,071,077 for special tools and facilities bought by the Government, and \$11,356,089 as net profit to the contractor. If the Government's claim is allowed in full the contractor will have \$4,775,568 in profits left, which the board believes would be "extremely liberal."

The senior auditor in charge of the examination of the company's books concludes with this paragraph:

The Packard company no doubt contributed largely to the greatest production in the history of America at a time when speed and accuracy was most

needed . . . Yet . . . this contractor, even though of gigantic size and perhaps in control of enormous capital, did not overlook a single opportunity to construe the contract in its entirety from a technical viewpoint and claim every possible allowance.

The foregoing is a greatly condensed statement of the Government's contention in its case against the Packard Motor Car Company.

Now let us look at the Packard Motor Car Company's side of the story. The information here presented comes from a statement to which Alvan Macauley, president of the company, has signed his name—a statement made not to the public, but to the stockholders of the company. It begins as follows:

The table which follows shows the net profits of the Packard company from 1916 to 1920 inclusive; the years marked with an asterisk are those during which we manufactured Liberty motors:

1916	\$6,206,419.61
*1917	5,400,691.00
*1918	5,616,701.57
*1919	5,433,634.13
1920	6,276,863.26

The statement goes on to say that these figures are "a complete answer that our profits were unduly large," continuing:

The Packard company was one of six well-known and reputable companies engaged in manufacturing Liberty motors. We were all producing the same motor. The other companies were: Cadillac, Buick, Nordyke & Marmon, Lincoln, Ford. We received no preferential treatment over the others.

Whether the Packard company received "preferential treatment" over the above-named companies is of no importance. The courts have sustained the Government in the Lincoln case and obliged that corporation to pay back \$1,550,000 of profits wrongfully collected. Audit of the Nordyke & Marmon transactions has been completed and claim will shortly be made against that concern for the return of a large sum. The Ford audit is in progress, and officials say a claim will result.

The Packard statement goes on to relate that for two years before the war its engineers were working on an airplane motor "which became the basis of the Liberty motor" and continues:

Shortly after our entry into the war the Packard company turned over to the Government, free and without restrictions of any kind, this motor, together with the company's patents covering airplane motors; its models; all its drawings, and the benefit of its experience—representing two years' continuous work and an actual expenditure by this company of approximately \$400,000. The Packard company received no compensation whatever.

The italics are Mr. Macauley's. We do not believe the Packard company's fine-spirited action in this matter was entirely unrewarded, though its aggregate profits for the war years and 1919 may have been only \$16,441,020, as set forth above in Mr. Macauley's statement. The Government paid out \$40,775,568 on the Liberty contracts held by the Packard company. There must have been some little profit somewhere to offset the \$400,000 the com-

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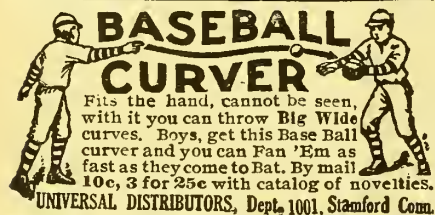
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pany spent on work that began two years before the war. The statement proceeds to tell of the changes in the form of contract. We have given the Government's version in some detail. This is all the company has to say:

In September, 1917, this company was requested by the Government to commence the manufacture of Liberty motors under a cost-plus contract. This was contract No. 1. Within three months the Packard company was notified that its contract was to be modified. The company consented, and contract No. 2 was entered into, involving a large reduction in the price as originally fixed by the Government. This new and lower price in contract No. 2 was also determined by the Government.

About seven months after executing contract No. 2, and about ten months after beginning manufacturing operations, the company was notified that contract No. 2 was to be done away with, and a new contract, No. 3, substituted—upon an entirely new basis and specifying a flat price of \$4,000 per motor. We were notified that this contract would supersede the other contracts, and would date back to the beginning of the manufacture of airplane motors for the Government. We had then been making the motors for ten months. The Government had at all times a large force of auditors and inspectors at our plants, and knew as much about our costs as we did. The motors were costing at the time about \$3,800, so our margin of profit then was showing at about five percent on the turnover—a dangerously small margin, especially when it is recalled that the Government's contract was cancelable on a moment's notice.

In the foregoing we have the first difference between the Packard and the War Department accounts that is actually expressed in figures, and this difference may not be so great as it seems. The Packard statement says that "at the time" of the third contract—September 2, 1918—manufacturing costs per motor were \$3,800, the inference being, of course, that profits were small—\$200 per motor on a \$4,000 fixed price basis per unit. Now the Hughes report, which Mr. Macauley commends to his stockholders, takes considerable pains to go into this subject of cost per motor. Naturally, in the early period of production the cost was highest. Mr. Hughes says it cost \$3,873 each to make the first six hundred motors. But after 1,200 motors had been made he says costs had dropped to \$3,442 per motor. Mr. Hughes predicted a further drop, saying that on the completion of 6,000 motors the average cost would be "somewhat under \$3,200 per engine." The Hughes report bears date of October 25, 1918. The government auditors, acting after all costs were known, put the average cost for the whole job at \$2,530.79.

The difference in these figures may be accounted for in several ways. Maybe all figures are right. Maybe it did cost \$3,800 to make motors on September 3, 1918, after which costs took a tumble to levels mentioned by Mr. Hughes and the government auditors. Or maybe Mr. Hughes and the auditors figured into these costs items of expense which the Packard company did not figure in—items such as depreciation, etc. Questions like this are the sort that often have to be threshed out in court.

The Macauley statement goes on to say that during the progress of the work at the plant the Government had an average of forty men there at all times "auditing, checking and reporting costs"; that during the war two complete audits were made. One was by a commission of manufacturers which reported to the President. "We understand their report was extremely favorable," Mr. Macauley notes. Then there was the Hughes report, which Mr. Macauley says is "available to all who may be interested." As a matter of fact the Hughes report is out of print and copies are not so available as Mr. Macauley may think. They are hard to get; but boiled down to a word, Mr. Hughes' opinion of the Packard profits appears elsewhere in this article. The Packard statement proceeds to tell of the final settlement of its transactions with the Government in May, 1919, continuing:

If our dealings had been with any business house in the world, this would have been the end of it. A good job was well done and fairly paid for.

But now a committee has been appointed by the War Department to consider audits of war contracts, and the Packard company has been notified that the various contracts made by the Government for the producing of Liberty motors are to be repudiated. A preliminary finding of this committee would indicate that the Packard company may be asked to return to the Government a sum of approximately six million dollars, on the ground that under the contracts, which the Government itself prepared and which have in all respects been fully performed and terminated three and a half years ago, this company made too large a profit. *No account is taken of the fact that nearly seventy percent of the profit derived from the manufacture of these engines was immediately paid back to the Government as income and profits taxes.*

Our net profit as shown by our books, for all our Liberty motor work extending over a period of practically two years, was actually less than the amount the Government would ask us to return.

The claim, if it is ever pressed, would not in a financial way be so serious as it sounds at first consideration, since the taxes that have already been paid would have to be refunded to us, thereby reducing the amount under consideration from six million to approximately two million.

Again the italics are Mr. Macauley's. Again we have a conflict, reduceable to figures, between the Packard and the Government contentions. The Government says the company's profits were \$11,356,000 and asks that \$6,580,000 be returned. The Packard company denies that its profits equalled the latter figure. As to taxes, if it is true that the Government in its recent audit did fail to take into consideration that the company paid out seventy percent of its war profits in that manner, that would seem to constitute a serious flaw in the Government's case. Any such sum, certainly, as the company says would be deductible from any judgment that might be obtained.

The statement concludes saying the company will oppose an attempt at a "repudiation" of the contracts: It is rather bitter toward the recent activity of the War Department, and terms the Air Service board which was created in 1921 as "a newly-appointed commit-

tee" which has taken "the arbitrary stand at this late date that the Government can repudiate its contracts." This is rather misleading, in view of facts stated earlier in this article and which anyone can verify. The Packard statement makes other assertions which are incomplete, to say the least; but we have no space to give them here. On the whole Mr. Macauley's is a straightforward presentation of his company's case which may be well summed up in one of his concluding sentences:

Is a contract with the United States Government binding on both parties, or is it a mere memorandum that can be repudiated by a department of the Government at will?

And that, in substance, is also the government's contention, as we have seen. Regardless of the merits or de-

merits of either side to this particular controversy, the tax-paying public has a great deal at stake on the issue on which the claim against the Packard company will probably turn. Should the courts reaffirm that the Government is not legally bound by the terms of contracts which are found to say one thing but can be construed to mean another, which declare for a 12½ percent profit but can be interpreted and stretched to yield a 58 percent profit, which proclaim to decrease profits but in reality enlarge them—should the courts reaffirm that such agreements as applicable to war transactions are void in law, the United States Treasury stands to recover hundreds of millions of dollars, because the Packard case is by no means an exceptional or an isolated example of this character of claim.

Why Join the Legion?

(Continued from page 11)

Hades. True, they were inspired by the personality of an indomitable leader, but it must also be true that the leader drew strength from the mettle of his men.

Well, they brought that sense of individual responsibility home with them. They have taken it into the Legion.

We read in the Weekly stories of its expression. Here is a post in a small town that builds a needed concrete road, each man taking part. Here's another post that patrols the streets at night because of an outbreak of lawlessness. Members of another post visit the sick and disabled in a nearby hospital. The instances are multiplied by ten thousand, and then again by every Legion man. The Legion man is happiest when he is doing something. He wants to throw his own grenade, fire his own rifle, not read about others doing so.

The doughboy also learned single-mindedness of purpose, discipline, and brought that knowledge to his Legion. That is why its voice is powerful in national affairs. An organized minority? Perhaps. Only minorities have the faculty for cohesion. But a minority, nevertheless, that pretty well represents the majority of American opinion—that speaks, as well as anyone may speak, for the average of our citizens.

This is an age of blocs. The anonymous author of "The Mirrors of Washington," evidently a close student of government, predicts that our Congress soon will take on the complexion of European parliaments—one group representing labor, another the wets, another the soldiers, another the farmers, and so on. Well, the Legion's principles forbid the soldier influence ever being anything but fundamentally patriotic.

Because the soldier is representative of all kinds and classes of our citizenry. We had banker-soldiers and farmer-soldiers and labor-soldiers. Each man in the Legion now lends his ideals to make up the common ideals. The picture is composite. It is also complete.

The influence is healthy and it grows stronger. It shapes, at first hand, community affairs, then state, then national. Each man, young though he may be, can have part in it.

The recent occupation by the French of the Ruhr furnishes an example. Our first national reaction was unfavorable. Allies don't stick together

in peace. We, America and France, had gone far on diverging roads since Soissons and the victory parade in Paris. Our public opinion seemed to condemn this move of France to collect from Germany. Then one Legionnaire, whose memory could bridge five years, wired to his representative on the Legion's executive committee and asked him to introduce into the next meeting of the committee a resolution favorable to France. The executive committee, the Legion's ruling body between conventions, voted unanimously for the expression of confidence. It brought American public opinion up short. People paused to realize that France was acting entirely within her rights. Public men endorsed the Legion's stand. Here you find one Legionnaire definitely swaying national thought, even definitely influencing international relations.

I said that allies don't stick together in peace. History shows this. We loved the French in 1787 and hated them in 1799. We raved over Japan in 1904 and against her in 1914. England has alternately fought with and against France and Russia and Germany. But surely, if ideals are not supine, this war was different from the others. It was very truly democracy against autocracy—right against might, if these words stand for anything.

Does this mean that the Legion must keep hatred alive?

No. Yet I read today less than five years after Château-Thierry, that Germany, having convicted and mildly sentenced six offenders against the laws of civilized warfare and having honorably discharged sixty-three, was now prepared to drop the cases against the remaining seven hundred and eighty-one.

These were the men, you will remember, who pillaged and burned and outraged, and whose trial by just and impartial court was demanded of Berlin by the Allies. They were Eitel Fritz Hohenzollern, Tirpitz, Mackensen, Capelle, and Schroeder, who sank the Lusitania. Who cares, who remembers?

American public opinion swings like a pendulum, it seems. A little while ago crying for a march to Berlin and resolutely changing the name of German fried potatoes, today shaking heads over French militarism. Is there

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a middle ground in this welter? I think there is, and I think the Legion is taking it.

Allies in such a war as we fought can stick together in peace, and must. Which doesn't mean, on the one hand, violent espousal of every French or British move, or, on the other hand, sullen distrust of everything they do. The great inspiring purpose of the last war was to end all wars forever. To this principle every Legion man can still subscribe. This is his opportunity for service to a weary world, his chance to band with his fellows here and beyond the Atlantic to make war impossible. The elder statesmen are tangled in their own web. The young men of today can cut the knots—not by becoming pacifists, not by abandoning common sense, but by bringing to the problem something of the high courage and invincible energy that once before turned disaster into victory.

This, as I see it, is the reason why I belong to the Legion and why the average ex-service man should belong—this chance to do something, to take active part in the biggest tasks our country has ever had and that the world has ever had. We got in the game once before, you and I. Think of our disappointment now if we had been on the sidelines then. We resented the mud and weariness and danger at the time, but we are proud now that we went through. Today we may hesitate before we pin our Legion button on, for it means work and thought and service. In the tomorrows we shall be glad that we came in, glad that we have been active, not passive. We shall agree with Mark Twain that the man who doesn't do his bit "is better off under ground, inspiring the cabbages."

A Sailor's Query

The announcements in recent issues of the Weekly about the Legion's Overseas Graves Endowment Fund set me to thinking about some comrades of mine who were buried over there. Can you tell me what disposition was made of our shipmates who died while attached to U. S. Naval Base No. 25, Submarine Chaser Detachment Squadrons Four and Five and U. S. S. *Leonidas*, who were buried on the Island of Corfu, Greece, between June and November, 1918?—EVERETT E. MAGILL, *Ex-Ph. M., U. S. N., Magill, Okla.*

THE bodies of the twelve Navy men who died while attached to U. S. Naval Base No. 25, Bay of Gorvino, Corfu, Greece, were returned to this country in March, 1920, on the U. S. S. *West Point*. Four of these bodies were buried in national cemeteries—those of Seaman Bright Cox and Boatswain's Mate Edward Kirchner in Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, and those of Machinist's Mates George Berry De Vaucene and Amos Tetu in the National Cemetery, Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, New York. The bodies of the other eight were sent to their home cities or towns as follows: Seaman Edward Wilson Bangs, Mount Auburn, Massachusetts; Pharmacist's Mate Otto Carl Beyersdorf, Menominee, Michigan; Seaman Edward James Boitscha, Nichols, Iowa; Quartermaster George Alexander Carmichael, Stapleton, Staten Island, New York; Seaman Edward Asher Grombacher, Chicago; Shipfitter Fred Morbach, Brooklyn, New York; Quartermaster Lawrence S. Mulhern, Chicago; Ensign George Washington Young, New York City.

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Joe Knows Better Now

Buddy was so busy counting coupons from last week that he had to holler for help.

"Hey, there, Al," he says to me, "how's newsstand sales?"

"Full of pep," I says, "got seventy-five distributors in forty-nine states and a whole flock of direct independent accounts, all betting on the Weekly and raring to go."

"It ain't enough," says Buddy, stamping last week's coupons down in the barrel.

"How come you can't bend the efforts of The Comrades of Coupon Clippers toward getting more?" I asks.

"You know bettern I do," he says, "you tell 'em."

"Ain't nothin' to tell," I says, "it's everybody's own book. All they got to do is stick up for it. Just tell their dealer to keep it out front, then boost the dealer that does."

"Then tell 'em that," Buddie says.

"I betcha that if every dealer would keep the Weekly out front that he'd get a lot of business for other magazines," I says.

"How's that?" Buddy asks.

"Well, you can bet your life that Mr. Dink who runs Dink's Monthly is going to give his personal business to the dealer that boosts his magazine."

"Sure," Buddy says, "but their ain't but one Mr. Dink."

"No," I says, "but there's a million reader-owners of the Weekly."

"Gee," Buddy says, "we could have a pippin of a magazine if that bunch would get behind and push to keep the Weekly displayed. Betcha we'd get a lot of fellers in the Legion that way, too."

"Sure, an' that ain't all," I says, "there's all the Auxiliary, the bankers and lawyers, the dentists and doctors, and the leading citizens of every town that wouldn't know they could get it unless they saw it out front."

"Well, suppose a dealer don't carry it at all what then?"

"That's simple. He can get it from any branch of The American News Company. All the dealer has got to do is just order it from where he gets his other magazines. There's a bunch of independent distributors that can supply it, too."

"Well, I tell you," says Buddie. "You just scribble down what you said, and we'll run it in

the little old space that's helping the Coupon skirmishers find out how to get a bigger and better magazine."

And that's what I did.—Newsstand Al.

IF YOU'RE ON, SHOOT THIS IN

Newsstand Al.
American Legion Weekly,
627 West 43d Street, New York.

You can bet your boots I'll see that MY dealer keeps MY—OUR Weekly out front.

Name.....

Address.....

Post No. City and State.....

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

- AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES**
 - American Automobile Digest.....
 - Herman Bumiller.....
 - Chevrolet Motor Co.....
 - VVVVVVElectric Storage Battery Co.....
 - VLiberty Top & Tire Co.....
- BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS**
 - VG. & C. Merriam Co.....
 - VVNelson Doubleday, Inc.....
- BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES**
 - VAcorn Brass Mfg. Co..... 30
 - VVVAmerican Products Co.....
 - VArmour Tire & Rubber Co..... 30
 - VAuto Sun Products Co.....
 - VColfield Tire Protector Co.....
 - VVVVThe Comer Mfg. Co..... Back Cover
 - VHolcomb & Hoke Co.....
 - VKingery Mfg. Co.....
 - VVMadison Shirt Co..... 24
 - VPaul Rubber Co..... 19
 - VAuto Sun Products Co.....
 - VSanta Fe Railway.....
 - VW. D. Smith & Co..... 30
 - VVVVStandard Food & Fur Co.....
 - VSuperior Laboratories.....
 - VTruth Shirt Co..... 30
- ENTERTAINMENT**
 - VTruman Brown..... 30
 - VWV. T. S. Denison & Co.....
- FOOD PRODUCTS**
 - VVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co.....
- INSURANCE**
 - VVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.....
- INVESTMENTS**
 - VWells & Co.....
 - VClarence Hodson & Co.....
 - VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.....
- JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS**
 - VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division.....
 - VVBurlington Watch Co.....
 - VThe Charles Co..... 29
 - VWJ. De Roy & Sons..... 30
 - VVVVour City Ornamental Iron Co..... 24
 - VGold Watch Co..... 24
 - VIngersoll Watch Co.....
 - VVLoftis Bros. & Co.....
 - VJ. M. Lyon & Co.....
 - VW. T. Lyon & Co..... 30
 - VVVVRedding & Co.....
 - VVVVSanta Fe Watch Co.....
 - VW. F. Simmons Company..... 25
 - VVVVW. W. Sweet, Inc..... 26

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

- MEDICINAL**
 - VVBayer Tablets of Aspirin.....
 - VVMisture Co.....
 - VVHoline.....
 - VVSloan's Liniment..... 27
- MEN'S WEAR**
 - VVB. V. D. Company..... 21
 - VVVCuett, Peabody & Co.....
 - VVThe Florsheim Shoe Co.....
 - VVHart Schaffner & Marx.....
 - VVHoleproof Hosiery Co.....
 - VVVKahn Tailoring Co.....
 - VW. Stokes Kirk..... 28
 - VVNu Way Stretch Suspender Co.....
 - VVPublic Trading Co..... 27
 - VVReliance Mfg. Co.....
 - VVTopkis Brothers.....
 - VVWilson Brothers.....
- MISCELLANEOUS**
 - VVAmerican Chicle Co.....
 - VJ. Buchstein..... 23
 - VWells & Co.....
 - VVDictograph Products Corp.....
 - VVFerry & Co..... 23
 - VVHotel Calro.....
 - VVHotel St. James..... 20
 - VVMarvel Mfg. Co.....
 - VVPhiladelphia Key Co.....
 - VVPhilo Burt Mfg. Co.....
 - VVThe Rat Biscuit Co.....
 - VVUnited Profit Sharing Corp.....
- MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**
 - VVVVC. G. Conn, Ltd..... 22
 - VVW. Lyon & Healy.....
 - VVPublic Trading Co.....
 - VW. Wilson Bros. Mfg. Co.....
- PATENT ATTORNEYS**
 - ★ LACEY & LACEY..... 30
 - E. E. Stevens, Jr..... 30

of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

- SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION**
 - VVAmerican School..... 23 and 27
 - VVVVFranklin Institute.....
 - VVAlexander Hamilton Institute.....
 - VVHealth Builders, Inc.....
 - VVMetropolitan School of Journalism..... 29
 - VVPalmer Photoplay Corp.....
 - VVVVPatterson Civil Service School..... 30
 - VVVVStandard Business Training Institute.....
 - VVVVW. T. Tamplin.....
 - VVVUnited Y. M. C. A. School.....
 - VVVUniversity of Applied Science..... 26
 - VVWorld's Medical Press.....
- SEEDS**
 - VCaptain Maxson's Post..... 27
 - VJapan Seed Co.....
- SMOKERS' NEEDS**
 - VVVVAmerican Tobacco Co.....
 - VVVVJaggett & Myers Tobacco Co.....
 - VVLYons Mfg. Co.....
- SOFT DRINKS**
 - VCoca Cola.....
- SPORTS AND RECREATION**
 - VBrunswick-Balke-Collender Co..... 24
 - VG. M. Gaudle..... 28
 - VVJ. F. Gregory..... 27
 - VVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co..... 23
 - VVVHendee Mfg. Co..... 30
 - VVVHendee Cycle Co.....
 - VVThos. E. Wilsou..... 28
 - VVUniversal Distributors.....
- STATIONERY**
 - VParamount Paper Co..... 30
 - VPost Printing Service.....
- TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH**
 - VVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co.....
- TOILET NECESSITIES**
 - VForhan Co.....
- TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION**
 - VVVThe Traveler's Bureau.....
 - VVJ. B. Williams Co.....
 - VVVShipping Board.....
- TYPEWRITERS**
 - VVSilver Typewriter Co.....
 - VVRemington Typewriter Co.....
 - VVShipman Ward Mfg. Co.....
 - VVSmith Typewriter Sales Co..... 24
- WOMEN'S WEAR**
 - VInternational Mail Order Company..... 28

**LET'S PATRONIZE
THEY
ADVERTISE**

V SERVICE STRIPS—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV, VVV, VVVV, VVVVV AND VVVVVV STRIPS ARE INCREASING. NOTICE THE ★. THIS IS THE INSIGNIA FOR THE CROIX DE COUPON, AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH SERVICE STRIP IS DUE.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," Issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 line (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

**THEY
ADVERTISE
LET'S
PATRONIZE**



J. R. HEAD,
of Kansas, who lives
in a small town of
631 people. He
has made as high
as \$69.50 in one
day, selling Comer
All-Weather Coats.



E. A. SWEET,
an electrical engi-
neer, is making
from \$600 to
\$1,200 a month and
works only about
four hours a day.



W. S. COOPER,
of Ohio, who finds
it easy to earn over
\$500 a month sell-
ing Comer All-
Weather Coats.

Will You Give Me a Chance to Pay You \$100 a Week?

I want to make an offer whereby you can earn from \$100 to \$1,000 a month, cash. You can be your own boss. You can work just as many hours a day as you please. You can start when you want to and quit when you want to. You don't need experience and you get your money in cash every day when you earn it.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as \$69.50 for one day's work.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his

first month's spare time he earned \$243. Inside of six months he was making between \$600 and \$1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him \$2.00 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make \$9,000 a year.

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn \$40.00 a day?

A Clean, High-Grade Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in all the leading magazines. Think of a single coat that can be worn all year round. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that money. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you only send us three average orders a day, which you can get in an hour or so in the evening you will make \$100 a week.

Maybe You Are Worth \$1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of \$40.00 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger \$20.00 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer \$625 cash for one month's spare time.

I need 500 men and women and I need them right away. If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. I will send you a complete outfit. I will send you a beautiful style book and samples of cloth. I will tell you where to go, what to say, and how to succeed. Inside of thirty days you can have hundreds of dollars in cash. All you need do today is write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, you invest no money, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out Now!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything, and you will have a chance without waiting—without delay and without investment—to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. COMER
THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. SF-435 Dayton, Ohio

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Comer Manufacturing Company is the largest business of its kind in the world. Any man who becomes a representative is assured of fair, square, honest treatment and will have reason to be proud of his connection with the company.

**My
Special Offer
to
Legion Men**

*Mail
This Special
Coupon Now*

THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. SF-435, Dayton, Ohio

Please send me, without expense or obligation, your special proposition, together with complete outfit and instructions, so I can begin at once to earn money.

Name Address
Write Plainly.